

America

October 22, 1949

Vol. 82, Number 3

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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OCT 19 1949

SO YOU'RE MAKING THE HOLY YEAR

A practiced pilgrim tells you how to do it

JOHN COGLEY

COMMUNISM AT CLEVELAND

The big showdown for the Reds in American labor

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Beating a mental hazard in the color question

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Industry and labor go into partnership

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CORRESPONDENCE

Government as economic stabilizer

EDITOR: In "The businessman's dilemma" (AM., 10/1/49) Father McPhelin outlines a problem that must be solved if capitalism and private enterprise are to survive. He fails, however, to point out the steps toward the correction of depressions, and only suggests that *Quadragesimo Anno* is the answer.

Why should we not recognize with Pope Pius XI the need for state intervention adequate to correct the exaggeration of the swings in the production cycle?

JAMES J. DONAHUE, M.D.

E. St. Louis, Ill.

Build your own home

EDITOR: I should like to suggest to the author of "Homes for families" (AM. 9/24/49) the idea of self-sufficient homesteads. Ed. Robinson, of Noroton, Conn., has proved that a city family can move to the country and soon attain a large measure of self-sufficiency in food. Among the several excellent books he has written about his program is the *Have-More Plan*, selling for one dollar from the above address. Mr. Robinson aims to convince city workers of their ability to use a hammer and saw as well as a hoe. His plan is the perfect answer to Mr. Kelley's dilemma concerning a family-sized apartment or private dwelling.

Mr. Robinson is not alone in his program. Emerson Hynes, too, has written an excellent booklet on the productive family homestead. Although well versed in social theory, he writes from experience, not theory. His booklet, *Seven Keys to a Christian Home*, can be secured for twenty cents from the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, 3801 Grand Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

With my own eyes I have seen how homesteading works. This past summer I met a young man of 22, not a carpenter, who built his own house from concrete blocks. His brother-in-law installed the electricity; the plumbing fixtures were second-hand and the furnace was a real bargain. The five-room house was a masterpiece. It cost him \$2,400, without the ground, plus eight months of spare-time work. He had never built anything before.

All these men work in the city and live in the country. True, this step takes courage, but C. K. Chesterton put it squarely when he said: "It seems to me that a great many people would be only too glad to live on the land when they find the only alternative is to starve on the street."

MORTON A. HILL, S.J.

Woodstock, Md.

Otto Strasser's "rally"

EDITOR: Having recently completed a years' sojourn in Europe, I cannot help but take issue with some of Mr. Leonard J. Schweitzer's statements in his article, "The Rally for Germany's renewal" (AM., 9/17).

1. During my frequent visits to Germany I never heard the name of Otto Strasser mentioned once. I feel Mr. Schweitzer very seriously overrates Strasser's influence and following in that country.

2. The article, to my mind, makes Strasser out to be more unreasonable than intended. His program for western Germany—alignment with the West, preservation of the national heritage, recovery of the 1938 boundaries—seems to represent neither inconsistent nor illegitimate ambitions. These points are planks in the platform of every party licensed by the military governments in western Germany, except the Communist Party.

Novel is Strasser's advocacy of the corporate order which, contrary to Mr. Schweitzer's opinion, however, does not exclude democratic processes and has, in effect, been suggested as a possible cure for our social ills by the papal encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*.

The only program point which gives pause for thought is the one regarding those Jews who do not wish to become assimilated, and whom Mr. Strasser proposes to treat as foreigners, i.e., citizens of the State of Israel. Properly understood, this is what we are doing in this country when we expect those who settle here to become Americans, with all that implies in respect to language and dress, rights and responsibilities. An adequate evaluation of this point in Mr. Strasser's program depends on what he means by the term "assimilate" and what the status of foreigners will be in the Germany envisaged by him. On the face of it I see nothing in the program, as quoted, that could justify Mr. Schweitzer's cries of alarm.

3. A year's work with German (and other student groups) in the field of relief has convinced me that all this talk about resurgent nationalism is folderol and, second, that we too often measure with two yardsticks: when we cherish our nationality, it is through patriotism, love of country and an admirable virtue; when the Germans (or the Italians or the Japanese) do so, it is because of militant nationalism, for which they ought to be ashamed of themselves.

GODFREY E. BRIEFS

Dept. of Economics

Georgetown University

Washington, D. C.

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Billion-dollar blunder?

The "real B-36 investigation" which AMERICA called for (AM. 9/17/49, p.268) began before the House Armed Services Committee October 7 with the testimony of Admiral Arthur W. Radford, Commander in Chief of the Pacific Fleet. The Russians must be deeply interested in Radford's remarks on how the bomb should be delivered, once it is made. Secretary of the Navy Matthews felt that the Admiral's testimony on the inadequacy of what he called the "Billion Dollar Blunder," the B-36 intercontinental bomber, would give aid and comfort to a possible enemy, and wanted the Committee to hear it in executive session. We agree with the Secretary. Here seems to be another example of imprudence on the part of a House investigating committee. The curtain should be lowered before any more military information is divulged. The Army and Navy Union, representing 800,000 former and present members of the armed services, has suggested to President Truman that he set up a Citizens' Commission to resolve the Army-Navy dispute in secret, to prevent it from becoming a "Roman Holiday" in a congressional hearing. It is more likely to be a Russian Holiday, because it is inevitable, from the direction Radford's testimony took, that our whole national war policy will come under scrutiny. AMERICA has already suggested the formation of a similar citizens' commission to study our atomic policy, which is closely linked with the B-36 problem. As Admiral Radford says, "the plane itself is not so important as the acceptance or rejection of atom blitz warfare which it symbolizes." Any hearings are bound to run into the broader issues still unsettled: What kind of war shall we fight, and what kind of strategy is most desirable? It is hardly conceivable that these two steps have not yet been taken. But the place to take them is in the executive sessions of a broadly based and highly qualified civilian commission, working with military advice.

Stop-gap farm bill

As the Congress rushed to pass a new farm bill before adjourning, two considerations were uppermost in the minds of the legislators. One was the economic necessity, and the justice, of maintaining a fair relationship between agricultural and industrial prices. The other was the adoption of the proper means to this end. At the present time the Government is supporting, at enormous expense, the prices of basic commodities at ninety per cent of parity (parity being a figure reflecting the relationship that existed between farm and industrial prices during the period 1909-1914). If the Congress fails to act before adjournment, the present law, which was originally a wartime measure passed in 1942, will be superseded on January 1 by the Aiken law. This is the law, passed by the Republican-dominated 80th Congress, which introduced the policy of sliding-scale supports. Under it the Government would support prices from sixty to ninety per cent of parity, depending on the size of the crop. The laudable purpose of the sliding scale is to discourage overproduction. As the size of the crop rises, the support price falls. Some months ago the House passed a bill, under pressure from the farm bloc, con-

CURRENT COMMENT

tinuing farm price support at wartime levels for another year. The Senate countered last week with a compromise bill, supported by Senator Anderson, former Secretary of Agriculture, which sets a sliding scale from seventy-five to ninety per cent of parity. With both parties angling for the farm vote, the Congress will very likely accept this compromise, or something like it, as a stop-gap measure and defer the big fight over permanent legislation until next year. Then the Brannan plan will finally get a hearing.

Small business in tires

For twenty years, independent tire dealers have been complaining about unfair competition from big mail-order houses and oil companies. Time was when they handled practically all the tire-replacement business. Now they are lucky if they do half of it. The rest is done, on a fifty-fifty basis, by the oil companies, through their service-station outlets, and by chains and mail-order houses. According to the independent dealers, manufacturers have been granting such favorable discounts to big distributors that the latter can afford to sell tires to the public for less than the independents pay for them. Two years ago, at hearings before the House small business committee, they wanted to know why the Federal Trade Commission refused to use its power to maintain fair competition in the industry. They were referring to the "maximum-quantity" section of the Robinson-Patman Act which gives FTC the right to fix limits on discounts granted on large purchases. Quick to take the hint, FTC began an investigation of the selling practices of the big tire manufacturers. Two weeks ago, the Commission was ready to act. It announced a "draft rule" limiting to a carload of 20,000 pounds the quantity of tires and tubes on which a price differential might be allowed. Under such a rule, Montgomery Ward or the Atlas Supply Corporation (which buys from U. S. Rubber for Standard Oil of New Jersey, Standard Oil of Ohio, Standard Oil of California and Standard Oil of Indiana) or any other big distributor would have to pay the same price for tires whether they bought one carload or a dozen. The industry, which has until November 18 to file dissenting briefs, is yelling bloody murder. It claims that the rule would have a staggering effect on its price policies. Undoubtedly it would—and not only on the rubber industry, either. It would also give the little fellows a chance to survive and expand. Isn't that what we want in this country?

Professors question the McCollum decision

Our editorial, "Religion in our legal system" (AM. 10/8), has been the occasion for more articles in law reviews to be brought to our attention. The trend of almost all the more recent comments by professors of law has been to criticize the McCollum decision and to express misgivings as to its possible consequences. Professor Ralph Dornfeld Owen, writing in the *Temple Law Quarterly*, avers that the McCollum decision is based on a doctrinaire, factitious interpretation of the First Amendment which is refuted by Justice Reed's dissent. Professor William David Stout states in the *Kentucky Law Journal* that the McCollum decision has opened a Pandora's box and is an outright threat to our basic traditions. He also writes that the decision impinges on the right of society to pass its ideals down through successive generations. The McCollum opinion, states Judge Edward F. Waite in the *Minnesota Law Review*, sets forth general principles "open to the claims of such construction as to contravene existing practices of the States and the Federal Government." In the *Kentucky Law Journal* for May, 1949 James M. Lassiter questions the advisability of the unnecessarily broad language in the decision, which jeopardizes the fundamental function of the educational system, the inculcation of moral and spiritual principles. The best student note by far appears in the *Southern California Law Review* for July, 1949. It is a brilliant, 20-page article by Norman Elliott in which the McCollum case is shown to be bad history, erroneous law and a usurpation of the parents' rights to educate.

Rules for a happy marriage

In New Jersey, Union City Magistrate Court Judge A. Michael Lepore has been trying his best to cut down the rising divorce rate. Since his advice to estranged couples too often goes unheeded, he has had it printed on small cards which are passed out to all domestic-relations litigants. His seventeen rules for a successful marriage are:

1. Cultivation of absolute unselfishness on both sides.
2. Never both be angry at once.
3. Never shout at one another unless the house is on fire.
4. Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.
5. Let self-denial be the daily practice of each.
6. Never find fault unless the fault is certain, and always speak lovingly.
7. Never taunt with a past mistake.

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Editor-in-Chief: ROBERT C. HARTNETT

Managing Editor: CHARLES KEENAN

Literary Editor: HAROLD C. GARDINER

Associate Editors: JOHN LAFARGE, BENJAMIN L. MASSE, EDWARD DUFF, EDWARD A. CONWAY, DANIEL FOGARTY, VINCENT S. KEARNEY, JOSEPH C. MULHERN, FRANCIS J. TIERNEY

Contributing Editors: WILFRID PARSONS, ROBERT A. GRAHAM, ALLAN P. FARRELL

Editorial Office: 329 W. 108TH STREET, NEW YORK 25, N. Y.

Business Office: 70 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Business Manager and Treasurer: JOSEPH CARROLL

Circulation Manager: MR. HAROLD F. HALL

8. Neglect the whole world rather than one another.
9. Never allow a request to be repeated.
10. Never make a remark at the expense of each other.
11. Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence.
12. Never let the sun go down upon anger or grievance.
13. Never meet without a loving welcome.
14. Never forget the happy hours of early love.
15. Never sigh over what might have been; make the best of what is.
16. Never forget that marriage is ordained by God, and that His blessings alone can make it successful.
17. Never be contented till you know you are both walking in the same narrow way.

This is the very weighty ounce of prevention Judge Lepore recommends to replace the pound of illusory cure offered in the divorce courts. Let's hope such sound advice is pinned up on many an American wall—and followed.

Trial of Communists winds up

To the blunt question, "Do American Communists advocate the use of force to overthrow our government?" most of our readers would not hesitate to answer "yes." To the question, "Could you prove this in a court of law?" they would be wise to hesitate. That does not mean, of course, that the charge cannot be proven. For nearly nine months U. S. Attorney John F. X. McGohey and his associates in New York marshalled evidence to tar eleven American Communist Party leaders with the guilt of advocating the use of violence in order to install a "dictatorship of the proletariat" in this country. The Smith Act of June 28, 1940, makes such advocacy illegal. The Government case has been built up piecemeal. Communist writings have been cited to the effect that "the dictatorship of the proletariat is a revolutionary power based on the use of force against the bourgeoisie" (J. Stalin, *Foundations of Leninism*, Little Lenin Library edition, p. 53). The Government has brought in witnesses to prove that the defendants actually taught this doctrine since 1945. But even if the jury on Foley Square condemns the Communists when the decision is put up to its members, will the present Supreme Court uphold the verdict? Will it agree that American communist activity presents a "clear and present danger" of violent revolution? If the Court sticks to the old Holmesian formula, the justices may even declare the Smith Act unconstitutional. With two pro-Holmesian members of the Court recently deceased—Justices Rutledge and Murphy—might not the Court revise this formula of thirty years' standing and modernize it in the light of communist tactics abroad? Much may depend on whether Justice Tom Clark disqualifies himself, since he was Attorney General when the case started, and on how Justice Minton votes.

China's news gag

Running true to the Moscow formula, the Chinese Communists have clamped down on foreign correspondents. No question of mere news censorship, the

latest move of the Red regime is a complete ban on reporting. The Alien Affairs Bureau at Shanghai has ordered all correspondents, with the exception of those representing agencies of governments which have already recognized the regime, to "cease acting in their capacity as press men, including the filing of press telegrams and radiograms." Hence the only ostensible basis for the order is non-recognition of the newly announced Communist Government. Since Shanghai is the last remaining outlet for news of communist China, the action of the government will stifle objective reporting of developments inside communist-occupied territory. As a lever to force recognition, the State Department has justly labeled the effort "crude." The less serious-minded might be tempted to consider it an attempt to inject a little humor into the international scene. The move is more likely to cause intensified opposition to the Communists than to have any influence on recognition. In fact, the motive alleged is so flimsy it has all the earmarks of a pretext. If an iron curtain is to be rung down in the Far East, the masters of Red China have chosen the obvious means. They have completely stifled the press. There is already suspicion enough to cast discredit on the Communists' government. In criticizing this latest act of the Chinese Communists, the State Department mentions that after a year the members of the United States Consulate General in Mukden are still prisoners within their compound. The Communists have allowed, if not instigated, mob action against American citizens. There must be greater proof of good faith on the part of a government before there can be question of recognition. Freedom of the press and treatment of foreigners according to international standards are two such evidences of good faith.

The ebb tide of Japanese communism

This review has pointed out several times in the past year that communism is still a positive threat in Japan, despite General MacArthur's claim to the contrary. Of late, however, the news tends to substantiate the General's contention that communism is presently at a low ebb. Communism seems to have lost face in the country for three main reasons. The Party was incapable of carrying out its threat to stage a "labor offensive" in retaliation against the Government's dismissal of surplus public workers. Labor has apparently accepted the Government's program and has scorned communist leadership. Secondly, membership in the Communist Party is on the decrease. Labor unions have withdrawn from the communist-front organization. Positive anti-communist agitation within the unions has developed. The "Democratization Leagues" have weaned many workers away from the Reds. Thirdly, the Communists have failed in the rural regions. In 1946 the Occupation authorities launched a land re-allocation program. The results have been satisfactory to the rural inhabitants, so much so that in recent elections for the land-redistribution committees, the Communists were unable to gain a single seat. The Communists have consequently failed in their so-called "second round" policy of limited advances. After General MacArthur had crushed their hopes of taking over the

Government by forbidding the general political strike in 1947, they had to hold on to their domination of the new Japanese trade unions. They failed in that. They had to extend the Marxist gospel to the countryside. They also failed there. They are down, but are they out? Few middle-class Japanese believe so. There is great danger that the Party will reassert itself when occupation comes to an end and military restraints have been withdrawn. For the present, the first real test of communist strength will not come until next year when elections are held for the upper chamber of the Japanese Parliament.

Catholic Austria rejects communism

In its second free election since the war, Austria saw some 95 per cent of its electorate go to the polls on Oct. 9. This record expression of the public will came out much as was expected, but with even a stronger trend to the right than had been anticipated. Exact figures are not yet at hand, but the People's Party won about 50 per cent of the vote, the Socialists around 35 per cent. The two parties will continue to govern the country in coalition, with 144 of the 165 Parliamentary seats at their command. A new feature of this election was the emergence of the Independent Party, under Dr. Herbert Kraus. This attracted large numbers of minor ex-Nazis, voting this year for the first time. About 12 per cent of the vote went to this Independent Party, and its rise is viewed with alarm in some quarters as a sign that nazidom is on the march in Austria. Dr. Kraus, however, was himself purged by the Nazis. He has denied that his support was predominantly Nazi. Since both People's Party and Socialists picked up more votes than in 1945, it seems certain that a fair percentage of the ex-nazi vote did not go to the Independent Party. It probably is a good thing, politically, that whatever nazi tinge colors the Independents is now in the open where it can be gauged properly. As in 1945, the Communist Party polled 5.2 per cent of the vote, and will get four or five seats. Chancellor Figl (People's Party) summed up the significance of the vote by saying that it is a "clear and unmistakable proof that Austria is an outpost of the Western democratic world." Austria, we might remind Bishop Oxnam, who charges that only Catholic countries go communist, is also Catholic. This election makes the Bishop—who in his October 11 *Look* article cited Austria as a Catholic country which "went communist"—look pretty amateurish.

More trade barriers fall

Two years ago at Geneva, in an effort to loosen the bonds shackling foreign trade, twenty-three nations agreed to tariff reductions. They signed what is known as the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. Now ten new members, after negotiating all summer at Annecy in France, have joined the "club." These thirty-three countries account for more than eighty per cent of world trade. As our contribution to a world of neighbors freely trading with one another for their mutual advantage, we made substantial reductions in import duties for the second time in two years. The State Department estimates that at Annecy the United States made tariff con-

cessions on imports which in 1948 amounted to \$143 million. In return, the participating countries cut duties on American exports which amounted to \$500 million in 1947. Even those who opposed extension of the Fair Trade Agreements Act will be impressed, we believe, by the magnitude of this achievement. It represents one of the most striking successes of U. S. foreign policy in the postwar era. Nor is the end yet in sight. At a third series of negotiations, scheduled for September, 1950, more countries will bid for admission, agreeing as the price of membership to reduce trade barriers and to live up to common rules of conduct in foreign trade. So far, Czechoslovakia is the only nation among the Soviet puppets which is a member of the club, but the advantages of belonging are so great that the Kremlin may have a job on its hands keeping other satellites from joining. When a few businessmen or workers are hurt by U. S. concessions at Geneva and Annecy, let them remember that the Agreement on Tariffs and Trade is not merely—from the viewpoint of the country as a whole—a good policy, but also an effective weapon in the "cold war."

Now it can be told

Ever since AMERICA announced its sensational change in policy by making baseball our favorite sport (AM., 1/8/48, p. 364), the quiet of Campion House has been sundered by rival claimants for the post of sports editor. We tolerated the ambitions of one of the staff who hails from a *very* minor league town. He didn't have much to do, since we seldom comment on athletics, but with the races in both big leagues plunging into a feverish finish we let him try his hand at prediction. He came a fearful cropper, predicting the Boston Red Sox and the St. Louis Cardinals as winners. Luckily, we had time to revise our comment (AM. 10/8, p. 4.) before the presses were finally locked. Then, privately, he predicted a Brooklyn victory, on the basis of "National League pitching." Well, it's all over now, and we are still looking for a sports editor. From what we saw of the series—mostly by television—we can make a few sage reflections. For instance, we thought from the first that Bobby Brown should have been at third base for the Yankees. Maybe Bill Johnson is a better fielder, but when Bobby finally got into the series he batted at a .500 clip. Do you know what the biggest difference between the two teams really was? It was this: the Yankee pitchers got five hits; the Dodgers' none. The Brooks pretty well handcuffed the mighty but ailing DiMaggio; yet the Yanks did the same to Jackie Robinson. The Flatbush catcher, Campanella, looked awfully good. So did young Jerry Coleman, second sacker for the Bronxites. Phil Rizzuto, of course, was the main stem among the Yankee regulars. His fielding is simply out of this world. There was a deal of great pitching on both sides. Come to think of it, maybe the difference was the Yankee's incomparable relief specialist, Joe Page. And the old professor, Casey Stengel, proved a wily pilot. It was a great series, any way you take it. Now we can give our undivided (?) attention to the gridiron. With the football season now opening in August and the baseball season running into October, it is all very confusing.

WASHINGTON FRONT

Among the unfinished business of the fading first session of the 81st Congress are the President's civil-rights program and repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act. This leads me to wonder if the President's advisers have forgotten an elementary lesson of legislative politics. This is that it is rarely possible to get a one-package bill through the Congress. A good example was the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill in the 79th Congress, revising the Social Security Act. Its very size scared the Congress, and it got nowhere. Exceptions: the Federal Reserve and Sherman Anti-Trust Acts, but even they have been amended.

The original Social Security Act was only a partial law, as was the Wagner Labor Act. Roosevelt was a master of measuring just how much the Congress could take at one time; he was content to look to the future for improvements. One step at a time is a very good rule, and not too long a step at that. Hence, if the civil-rights program is ever to get through, it will be done piecemeal, or not at all. The same is true of labor legislation: it is safer to nibble away at existing legislation than to repeal it outright and start over. Even the recent HR 6000, revising the Social Security Act, which passed the House (AM. 10/15/49), may prove to be too big a bite for the Senate to swallow and digest.

The rejection by the Senate Commerce Committee of the Hon. Leland Olds for a third term as Federal Power Commissioner has grieved those in Washington who knew the real reasons for the opposition to him. These were, in fact, proposed by much the same selfish interests which opposed the nomination of John Carson to the Federal Trade Commission (AM. 5/7/49; 10/1/49). The true, unspoken reasons were the same too. There was nothing in Mr. Olds' record in his two terms as Commissioner which could be, or was, used against him. The real reasons were that Mr. Olds had honestly tried to administer the laws which he was appointed to administer, and had spoken in favor of them. The alleged reason was that he had written certain things in the 'twenties for the Federated Press long before that outfit was taken over by the Communists. This was sheer hypocrisy. The writings were there in 1934 and 1939, when Mr. Olds was approved before, and were not used against him. The method was also the same as that used against Mr. Carson: snips and snatches taken out of context were put together to make it appear that Olds is a Communist.

The fact is that there are very alert people in Washington representing utilities and other interests which are naturally opposed to the laws the Federal Trade and Power Commissions are sworn to enforce. Not being able to change the laws, the next best thing is to get commissioners who are not in sympathy with the laws. The idea of the "integrity and ability" of proposed commissioners frightens them.

WILFRID PARSONS

FCC and religion once more

The Federal Communications Commission has asked itself a question that betrays the general official confusion on the place of religion in our national life. The answer it may give could be another thrust in the well-promoted push to relegate religion to one of the more unimportant, socially insignificant interests of American living—a trivial hobby like stamp-collecting or figure-skating.

The Federal Communications Commission was set up by Congress to see to it that in the use of the ether, which is public property, "the public interest, convenience or necessity" be served. The question the FCC is asking itself is whether, now that the Supreme Court has ruled in the McCollum case that the Government cannot give even indirect assistance to any or all religions, religious radio stations can constitutionally be licensed.

The facts are these. Several years ago the FCC reserved a band of FM frequencies for low-power, non-commercial educational radio stations. Since the educators have shown no overwhelming interest in the offer, much of the space in the band has gone begging. On February 23 the Baptists of Texas petitioned the FCC to permit them to share that educational band or to assign a new piece of the FM broadcasting spectrum for low-power, non-commercial, religious stations. Oral argument on the petition is set for November 4 in Washington. In addition to the public-interest appraisal made of all applications, the FCC will explore in the presence of the Southern Baptists and the interested American public its constitutional scruple arising from recent Supreme Court interpretations of the First Amendment.

The Southern Baptists can be reasonably required to establish that their projected radio stations will serve the public interest. It is intolerable, however, that they be expected to convince a Federal agency that it is not violating the American Constitution by allowing, in its regulation of public property, access to the air to a religious group. Next, the constitutionality of educational radio stations now operated by institutions under religious auspices will be impugned on the ground that the Federal Government is fostering religion by providing FCC authorization and government license. By the same logic, FCC's demand that commercial stations carry a balanced schedule of religious programs as a public service can be attacked as impairing the "wall of separation" between Church and State.

The traditional American decision to give no legal preferment to any church has been twisted by reckless judicial interpretation in the last few years to mean, in effect, official American disfavor of religion as a social force. Surely the FCC isn't seriously asking whether religious broadcasting, of its very nature, is in "the public interest." The answer should be obvious to any educated person.

The real question facing the FCC is whether or not denial of the petition would constitute denial of freedom of speech to religious groups. If the FCC would look a little further into the First Amendment, beyond the "no establishment" clause, it might get constitutional scruples

EDITORIALS

about the infringement of our basic liberties. It is high time to ask whether a group forfeits these liberties simply because it happens to be a religious group.

Mr. Hoover on private charities

Herbert Hoover has a distinguished record of public service. He recently added to that record by some thought-provoking remarks in *This Week* magazine under the title of "The Government Can't Do It All." Noting that government aid to public welfare is expanding (and that such expansion may be perfectly sound) at the very time that taxes are mountainous, he remarks that this double drive is "making it difficult for citizens to support voluntary welfare agencies." A significant decline in support of private charities will detract seriously from American spirituality and morale.

There are six reasons, he states, why that cannot be allowed to happen. "The fabric of American life is woven around our tens of thousands of voluntary associations"—not least among them our charitable institutions. Life in America would not be the same if government had to take over all welfare work because of our default in charity. Secondly, it is the private institutions "that establish the standards for similar governmental agencies." Third, "the works of private charities confirm religious faith and morals," a thing government agencies cannot directly do. Fourth, private agencies are better at building the character of youth. Fifth, "but the greatest of these is charity" has been a religious precept from which no civilized people can depart without losing its soul." And sixth, "the world is in the grip of a death struggle between the philosophy of Christ and that of Hegel and Marx. The philosophy of Christ is a philosophy of compassion." His conclusion: "If we abandon private charity, we will have lost something vital to American's material, moral and spiritual welfare."

We are interested in this issue not merely from the point of view of the giver but from that of the voluntary institutions and the people they serve. In the field of family care, for example, public authorities confess that they cannot satisfy *all* the needs of families in distress. They cannot meet their moral and religious needs. We often wonder whether the American public ever stops to think how many precious values are filtered out of life when public agencies replace private institutions. Among the most precious of these is freedom—the freedom to serve in the way one believes best and the freedom to choose among available welfare services. People should not have to be dealing with government agencies for the satisfaction of all their social needs.

French cabinet crisis

As French politics go, the Queuille cabinet enjoyed a long and stable tenure. Based on an uneasy coalition of Radical Socialists, Popular Republicans and Socialists, it managed to survive a little more than a year. When it finally fell on October 6, the cause, as one might suspect, was economic policy.

Premier Queuille, a Radical Socialist, refused to accede to union wage demands which were strongly supported in the cabinet by his Socialist minister of labor, Daniel Mayer. In a more fundamental way, the split came because the Socialists favor a planned economy and the Radical Socialists a free economy. The marvel is that they managed to live together, if not in joyous comradeship, at least in tolerable unity, for more than a year. They would never have done so, of course, if the Communists on the left and de Gaulle on the right had not been waiting in the wings for the signal to take over.

For the third party concerned, the coalition has not been easy either. Not in full accord with their colleagues on economic questions, the Popular Republicans, who are inspired by Christian social principles, are completely at variance with them on religious questions, especially as these affect the schools. No one has made more sacrifices than they to keep the "third force" cabinet going.

If the circumstances were not so serious, an American observer might be inclined to laugh at the plight of the French. The same three parties which were unable, two weeks ago, to live together any longer must now join hands to form another government! Holding the political philosophy they do, they have no other democratic alternative. Since the circumstances are so deadly serious, however, the average American is not likely to be amused but deeply incensed at the goings-on in Paris.

These are momentous days for the embattled nations of the West. Now that the Soviet Union has the bomb, the democracies should be intensifying their efforts toward economic and military strength. Specifically, they ought to be pushing the fight for an economic union of the ERP nations, and hastening the day when Western Germany can be fully integrated into the new European set-up.

The latter objective cannot be longer delayed. Even as the Queuille cabinet was falling, Moscow hatched the malodorous egg of an East German state. This unprincipled move had the effect of propelling the embarrassing problem of Berlin to the very center of the East-West stage. The western sectors of the old German capital are not now a part of the West German state solely because the French, almost pathologically fearful of a unified Germany, vetoed their incorporation. Yet, unless they are permitted to join Bonn, they will be lost to the West, sooner, perhaps, than we realize. Although the loss of Berlin would be a major Western defeat in the cold war, we cannot force the French to reconsider their narrowly nationalistic decision because, for the moment, the French do not have a government. Similarly, until the politicians in Paris have made their deals, the effort toward economic union of Western Europe must grind to a stop.

Before we lose all patience with the French, however, we might take a long look at our own industrial backyard. The same headlines that shouted the news of the Russian bomb, the British devaluation and the French crisis also told of the deadly paralysis which crept last week over a big part of the nation's basic industry. Are the squabbles of French politicians any more exasperating than the annual negotiations between John L. Lewis and the coal operators? And are French fears of a united Germany any less anachronistic than the steel industry's dread of non-contributory pensions?

The deplorable fact is that too many people in all the democracies do not yet understand that the world today, including their world, is poised on the brink of disaster.

East Germany into the maw

Whatever hopes were held at Potsdam and after for the unification of Germany have now gone a-glimmering. On Friday, October 7, the Soviet-sponsored People's Council declared that an Eastern German State, the "German Democratic Republic," was established, and that it would henceforth speak from Berlin, as their capital, for the people of the whole of Germany. Germany is now definitely split in two.

How did it come about? How was this Eastern German state formed? By a simple, swift and utterly illegal Soviet move. A People's Congress was formed last winter in Eastern Germany by the Soviet Military Government's hand-picked communist representatives from political parties, labor groups, youth and agricultural organizations. In May these selected "representatives" (some 2,000) were confirmed by a plebiscite, though a rejecting vote ran to almost 40 per cent. The People's Congress thereupon adopted a constitution prepared by the Communists. This constitution provided for *free elections* for the determination of any forthcoming government. Despite this proviso, the Peoples' Congress set up an executive committee of 400, called the People's Council. On the Black Friday of October 7, this Council, by a simple fiat, declared itself a parliament to form the new "state."

What happens now? For all intents and purposes, Eastern Germany has disappeared behind the Iron Curtain. Its government will be completely communistic and it will be made a member of the Cominform. Though behind the Iron Curtain, the new "state" will exert an attraction on Western Germany, and this is what the Soviets are gambling on. They will remove all occupation controls, their troops will be withdrawn (though remaining conveniently near), the new "state" will be enabled and encouraged to take part in international affairs, something Western Germany cannot do under its present set-up. Thus the Soviets will show all Germans their new "state" as a shining example of how "democratic" the Eastern zone is.

For the Western Allies the nub of the problem is Berlin. The Eastern part of Berlin, though not yet absorbed into the new "state," is surely threatened with that fate. What will the West do then—or even before?

Will it declare Western Berlin the twelfth state in the Western German Federal Republic? Bonn wants this, the Berliners want it, the U. S. and England are prepared to get the French to agree to it—when from the present French crisis emerges a government to be consulted.

There is much to be said for uniting Western Berlin to the German Federal Republic of the West. Psychologically, it would give Western—and indeed all—Germans a great lift, for Berlin is still the center of German political affections. To let the Soviets establish Berlin as *their* German capital, without a parallel Western step, would give Russia a tremendous propaganda advantage.

Yet uniting our sector of Berlin to the West would be a step fraught with danger. As the twelfth Western German state, Western Berlin would be a small democratic enclave surrounded by a police state. It would undoubtedly be blockaded by the Soviets. The air-lift would have to be revived, and the old, intolerable tensions, for both the Germans and ourselves, would return.

Even at that risk, the West cannot afford a vacillating solution. It should first call a temporary halt to dismantling, at least until the new lie of the land can be judged. It should incorporate Western Berlin into the Bonn Government, so that it may share in the Marshall Plan. It should broaden Western German cooperation in at least the international agencies of the UN.

These would be initial steps toward preventing the physical division of Germany from deteriorating into a complete psychological rupture as well. Whether the physical split can be knit up within the foreseeable future is something the glass ball leaves very, very cloudy.

Still the cockpit of Europe

The war of nerves in the Balkans, the cockpit of Europe, is a game being played for big stakes. Making an issue of Tito's exhibitionist independence may have been Stalin's major error since his mistake of trying to blockade Berlin. A European diplomatic observer judges that, unless Tito is destroyed, Soviet domination of the satellite regimes will disappear in two years.

In an adroit maneuver, Tito's agents at Lake Success proposed on October 6 that the UN's Legal Committee add a resolution to a routine report of the International Law Commission. It piously proposed that every state recognize the duty "to refrain from fomenting, organizing, encouraging or assisting civil wars within the territory of another state." Adoption of the resolution would imply, of course, that Yugoslavia's charges against the Soviets were justified. The inevitable debate will allow Tito to air his indictment against Russia and the Cominform. More important even than that, it will cast him as the defender of small nations threatened by the USSR's greedy imperialist ambitions.

Another sensitive Soviet nerve was probed the following day when Tito's agents charged Russia before the General Assembly's Economic and Financial Committee with imperialist exploitation of the satellite countries, and publicized Yugoslavia's disastrous experience in joint-trade ventures with the Soviets. The evidence that the

satellite governments are cooperating with the Soviet's schemes to impoverish them for Russia's aggrandizement will make fine propaganda behind the Iron Curtain.

Tito struts about, obviously enjoying the role of the savior of socialism against Stalin's dark designs. The Rajk treason trial in Budapest, he angrily asserts, was a vicious stunt to divert toward him "the hostility of the Hungarian people against the Soviet Union." The whole shabby business, he shouts, was staged by "the Soviet intelligence service and their Hungarian hirelings." Why? They felt a need "to frighten the leaders of all Communist Parties by letting them know that if they did not do as they were told they would be proclaimed spies and agents of America, England, the Gestapo—and of Ethiopia, if need be." Here is the true prophet of communism summoning followers in his war against the apostate Stalin, the real traitor to "the great principle of Marxism and Leninism."

What success will Tito have in his war with the Kremlin? Stalin's men in the Balkans and in Central Europe are manifestly uneasy. A single day's budget of news lists purges of "alien and accidental elements" from the civilian militia in Poland, arrests in Rumania, cabinet shifts in Bulgaria, six thousand recently arrested political prisoners herded off to the mines in Czechoslovakia.

What can be done to push Tito from his perch? This is a question eagerly debated in the Kremlin and at 56 via Valeriu Braniste, Bucharest, headquarters of the Cominform. Anti-Tito radio programs are beamed into Yugoslavia continuously from all the satellite countries. Radio Moscow devotes 53½ hours a week to broadcasts in Serbo-Croatian, Slovenian and Macedonian.

Yet defections are not developing. Tito's secret police are proving as efficient as the dread Soviet MVD. His appeals to separatist feelings among national groups in Yugoslavia are dangerous. Tito has placated the Macedonians by giving them autonomy in his federated republic. He might be provoked to make his own appeal to the pro-Titoists in Albania. Hit-and-run raids by guerrillas from border countries into Titoland are always possible, but sustained operations call for bands living off the countryside, supported and hidden by the people. Yugoslavs are no more willing to aid Soviet schemes than any other European people.

The diplomatic isolation of Tito by the Cominform countries rids him of the embarrassment of assisting the Greek rebels any further. It increases the embarrassment of Russia, should she want to keep that running sore open and festering. If the Greek Government, against the advice of the Americans and British, pursues the rebels into Albania, Yugoslavia is no longer bound to intervene. Bulgaria's denunciation of her treaty with Yugoslavia cancels the right to cross Titoland to go to the defense of Albania.

Stalin has definitely gotten himself into a hole in the Balkans, a hole of his own digging. No solution seems open to him except a large-scale invasion of Yugoslavia. That means war—war against manifest Soviet aggression, a fight in which the seething, suppressed nationalism of the cockpit of Europe would rise against Soviet slavery.

So you're making the Holy Year

John Cogley

AN ESTIMATED TWO MILLION VISITORS are expected in Rome during 1950. For months now, plans to receive them have been in the making. Nothing is being neglected or overlooked. Continental Europeans excel in personal services, and American Catholics, with their welcome dollars, will be receiving the best.

Nevertheless some things will probably go wrong now and then—an overcrowded, uncomfortable train perhaps, a drastically underdone fried egg (the Italians especially believe that the briefest introduction to a frying-pan is all an egg needs), or maybe an incident with a clip-and-run Neapolitan taxi-driver in such a hurry that he forgets to offer change. Then it will be wise for the American to recall that he is a pilgrim, not a tourist, and should be traveling in a penitential mood.

Some historians hold that the pilgrimage is one of those practices the Church took over from the ancient Romans, baptized and skilfully wove into the pattern of Christian devotion. The Romans believed that some of their gods were severely limited to set localities. The pious pagan with some favor to ask of a god had to travel into that god's territory before making his plea.

Of course, there was never any Christian teaching that a prayer coming from this or that place was automatically more powerful than one coming from some place else. But Christians have always had a natural reverence for the Holy Land and, in time, for other places sanctified by associations with the saints (Assisi, say), by heavenly apparitions (Lourdes or Fátima), or historical background (the catacombs of San Callisto). A nation that reverences Valley Forge and is not indifferent to Independence, Missouri, can surely understand that.

Since travel in those earlier days involved extreme discomfort, weariness and often physical danger, pilgrimages became a popular form of penance. The Church granted liberal indulgences to sincere pilgrims, and the pilgrimages were made in a spirit of sackcloth and ashes.

Such modern developments as the *Queen Mary* and the *direttissimo* trains whipping into Rome at breakneck speed—not to mention the slick brochures handed out by travel bureaus—innocently conspire against this old notion of a pilgrimage. Still, if you are planning to come over for the Holy Year, it would be a good thing to keep penance in mind. Aside from the supernatural value it offers—which is, after all, the important thing—you may find that it makes for a generally more satisfactory trip.

When others are clamoring for a seat in the diner, for instance, you can relax and enjoy the scenery. When others are furiously bargaining for first- or second-class reservations, you may decide to suffer the discomforts of third class. If you do, you'll surely come back with

When American pilgrims pass through a war-torn Europe on their way to Rome in 1950, what can they expect? John Cogley, who has been surveying developments of Catholic interest in Europe this past year, points out the pleasures—and maybe a few pains—in store for pilgrims. Other Holy Year articles, on specific countries, will appear in coming issues.

a better idea of what Europeans are like, for especially in Italy and Spain third class constitutes one of the friendliest fraternities on earth. You may have to hold a squawling baby all night while its mother looks after another, even younger infant, but in the morning you'll be friends. The relationship between people who have done Italian third class together is roughly like that between soldiers who campaigned side by side.

Third-class compartments are quite a bit cheaper, almost always jam-packed, bare and comfortless. If a third-class passenger is lucky enough to find a seat, it will be a tight place on a wooden bench. If not, he can sit on his luggage in the narrow corridor and, in Italy anyway, join in the inevitable singing.

During the war almost three-fifths of Italy's railroad system was either destroyed by the Allies or "requisitioned" by the Germans. For months after the war, travel was necessarily uncertain, miserably overcrowded and dirty. For third-class passengers, ordinary box-cars were pressed into service. But recovery has been steady and thoroughgoing. Of course, customs and passport inspections eat up time and are a nuisance to all concerned. But the customs men are almost always polite and considerate. Americans especially get off easy. The familiar green passport usually means that you don't have to open your bags at the border stops but are automatically passed. In any case, nowhere in Western Europe is there anything approaching the human outrage involved when a U. S. train reaches the Mason-Dixon line and the Negroes pile into the Jim Crow cars.

For short trips, I would suggest a bus. Throughout Italy, France and Switzerland, there are well-organized bus lines bringing tourists to all the points of interest, and usually by a carefully chosen scenic route. On a bus you will pass through dozens of small communities—ancient little villages that seem hardly changed through the centuries—where the life of non-cosmopolitan Europe can be seen first-hand.

The cold hand of standardization—movies, advertising, popular journalism—has touched European urban life, perhaps not as drastically as in the States but enough to make the traveler feel a little more at home than he perhaps wanted to be in Rome, Geneva, Paris or Nice. In such places he will find Rita Hayworth smiling at him from the newsstands. But rural Europeans generally don't have radios, don't see movies and rarely read the magazines. Here the old ways and the old values are still given a chance. The American who stops among them has a splendid opportunity to see first-hand that not by Ritz crackers alone does man live, and perhaps he can learn something from their ancient ways.

Hilaire Belloc said once that Europe was the faith and the faith was Europe. Taken in a narrow sense, this dictum, it seems to me, circumscribes the faith drastically and, at the same time, is misleading in regard to Europe. The faith is vastly more catholic than Europe. On the other hand, Catholicism alone did not make modern Europe. Since the Renaissance there have been many influences at work, some good, some bad, but none negligible. Americans who go to Europe expecting to find an unaltered Catholicism, untouched by materialism, secularism and the influence of Hollywood will be disappointed.

Many of the same forces that have made our American day and age have helped to shape modern Europe, too. European Catholics suffer from religious indifferentism, formalism and this-wordliness the same as we do. Understandably, there may be more cynicism on the bruised and battered side of the Atlantic than among us; more serious anti-clericalism, too, because clericalism is more manifest; and perhaps there is a more patent superstition. But we Americans also have our failures.

On both sides of the Atlantic, however, there is a new upsurge of apostolic activity, especially among the young. The differences between U. S. and European apostolic movements, both made up of *élites*, are probably as good an indication as any of differences between Continental and American Catholicism.

Take Catholic students. European university students are, it seems to me, vastly more adult than their American counterparts. Rah-rah collegiatism has no place at all in the European university. Students there seem more serious about their studies than in the States. The same applies to apostolic movements among students.

Europeans accentuate theology and the social implications of Catholicism. In America we do a lot of talking about the papal encyclicals but often among us they take on the meaning of a party line, a specific blueprint. Europeans talk less about the encyclicals than we do, but they seem to have a better grasp of their contents and seem to distinguish more sharply between their religious principles and specific, practical recommendations. Europeans are more critical than American students, less inclined to rely on authority and more apt to think of the job facing Catholics in broad, revolutionary terms.

Remember that there are very few exclusively Catholic universities in Europe. Catholicism as an intellectual force is represented on most faculties, but so are other forces. The European student is exposed to them all.

American students whose faith has been carefully protected in Catholic schools, from kindergarten to graduate school, are usually admirably orthodox but sometimes lamentably ignorant of the intellectual world they are supposedly about to enter and influence. Sometimes they know exactly what is wrong with the forces that make the world move, but only rarely what is right about them. By this I mean that the positive values in many cultural and scientific movements of the day are ignored by young Catholics. They frequently can talk with neither understanding nor sympathy to those outside the fold.

The American Catholic student, finding himself unprepared for the modern intellectual world, often gives it

up as a hopeless job; or, because he cannot make his faith intelligible, never gains entry. He may then turn to the cultural and intellectual ghetto we have set up for ourselves, with our Catholic learned societies, literary magazines, book clubs and lecture bureaus; but his influence is rarely felt outside the Catholic group. European Catholics, on the contrary, especially since the war ended, are not an insignificant force in the intellectual life of the Continent.

The student apostolates in Europe and in America are equally apostolic; both stress spiritual formation and personal holiness. But the intellectual emphasis in Europe is considerably broader and more intense, perhaps more attune to modern needs.

Positive Catholic intellectual life, too, seems to me to be more highly developed in Europe. In a French bookstore you will find Dominican- and Jesuit-written books on philosophy, theology or mysticism displayed as prominently as the more spectacular translations from Ameri-

can best-sellers. Daniel-Rops' new magazine *Ecclesia* is on sale everywhere. It is directed to a popular audience, but the intellectual content is as high or higher than our American so-called high-brow publications. Catholicism as a positive force, rather than as a policing force, is ever growing stronger on the Continent. It is quite possible to overestimate this influence, of course, but it is undeniable. It will surely be evident to Americans who visit



Europe during the Holy Year.

I think we Americans have something to learn from this new generation of European intellectual apostles. The success of *Seven Storey Mountain* in the U. S. is only one indication of how valuable it is to have Catholic voices speaking the language of the times, with knowledge, with understanding and with sympathy.

Of course, it is difficult to generalize about anything on the Continent. There are differences of temperament and viewpoint from country to country, from people to people. This is as true of Catholic life as of anything else. For instance, the French apostles, with their emphasis on the cell-technique and the team, and their horror of anything vaguely approaching clericalism, are often shocked by Italian Catholic Action's use of political means. In Switzerland I have heard vehement criticism of the French priest-workman, who is accused of excessive romanticism. Many Spanish Catholics see Spain as a Catholic citadel alone in a hostile world, and look askance at anything even remotely smacking of "liberalism" or "modernism." With them, men like Maritain and the Italian Christian Democrats are suspect. These are the differences the American should be prepared for.

Pope Pius XI said that the greatest scandal of the nineteenth century was that the working masses were lost

to the Church. Midway through the twentieth century, Catholics the world over are beginning both to realize what that meant and to do something about it. In France, especially, there has been a great emphasis on pivoting the modern apostolate around the working man and his problems. Remembering this, the American pilgrim of 1950 will be better able to understand the Church at work in modern Europe.

I don't mean to imply that he will find a great stir in every parish, or even most of them. Many parishes still run like wound-up clocks, ticking away the days almost inaudibly. But he will find in others an active, living liturgy that has some meaning for the man in the pew, sermons that touch on problems close to the workers' lives, and a Catholic press that is vital and meaningful.

European priests don't have the automatic social standing that a priest in America has to live up to. For the modern apostolate, that is a good thing. The priest who chooses to go without honors and to live as a poor man has an easier time of it than an American priest with the same ambition. That is another thing the American pilgrim should be prepared for: he will see poor friars who look like poor friars and nothing else, even on the

streets or in the universities; nuns whose vow of poverty is evident in their ancient, patched and repatched habits and beat-up, heavy shoes; priests looking "disreputable" in aged clothing, and frankly poorer than their poorest parishioner. After the careful "respectability" demanded of clergymen at home, in dress, manner and public appearance, such sights may come as something of a shock.

In the European town where I lived last year, the sloppiest, poorest looking man in town was a priest. I found out in a short time that he was a prince of royal blood, a profound scholar and a man of wide cultural attainments. Parenthetically, I might add that he is also revered as a saint.

Travel, the agent in the tourist bureau will assure you, is definitely broadening. A Holy Year pilgrimage involves more than a mere enriching of one's cultural life. It strengthens one's spiritual understanding by teaching the pilgrim that, despite national differences, American and European Catholics share a common faith, a common purpose. Making the effort to achieve that realization will be for the American pilgrim a spiritual experience. If all American Catholics could learn it, 1950 would be indeed a Holy Year.

Communism at Cleveland

Benjamin L. Masse

THE FIFTH PHASE of the thirty-year-old communist attempt either to capture the American trade-union movement or to divide and wreck it is rushing toward a climax. By every present indication, there will take place at the Cleveland convention of the CIO, beginning October 31, a showdown that defies compromise. Since the convention is assuming this note of finality, it may be profitable to review at this time the whole confusing story of communism in American labor.

BACKGROUND

After the Bolsheviks seized power in Russia in 1917, the Communist International immediately adopted a policy of revolutionary, dual (separatist) unionism. Inspiring this move was the innocent belief that a revolutionary era had dawned and that trade-union groups which boldly advocated radical change would quickly come to dominate the world labor movement. When the failure of the Red Revolution in Germany revealed the bankruptcy of the dual-union policy, Lenin promptly abandoned it. In a pamphlet published in 1920, *Left-wing Communism, an Infantile Disorder*, he pontificated that "the whole task of the Communists is to be able to convince the backward element in the trade unions, to be able to work among them, and not fence themselves off from them by artificial and childish 'left-wing' slogans."

The story of the Communists' attempt to control the American labor movement covers many years and many changes in plot. As the battle approaches a showdown in the CIO convention at Cleveland this year, Father Masse reviews for our readers the issues at stake, the cast of characters and the parts they have played in the drama.

The warning was perfectly timed to influence the fledgling American branch of the Comintern. After the 1919 steel strike was lost, William Z. Foster, former Socialist, one-time Wobbly, founder of the Syndicalist League of North America, set up the Trade Union Educational League to work for radical goals within the American Federation of Labor. In 1921 he secretly joined the Communist Party and took his TUEL along with him. Any possible opposition to Foster's policy of "boring from within" was headed off by *Inprecorr*, the Comintern bulletin, which rushed to bless TUEL, warning that "Communists must on no account leave the ranks of the reactionary Federation of Labor." On the contrary, their job was to "get into the old trade unions in order to revolutionize them."

This was the first phase of the Soviet attempt to capture the American labor movement. Despite a favorable atmosphere, some early successes and considerable support among rank-and-file workers, by 1925 it was all over. In his provocative book, *Left, Right and Center*, Sidney Lens neatly sums up the débâcle in this way:

The TUEL . . . was so indistinguishable from the Communist Party that it isolated itself from all but party members or the closest of sympathizers. Instead of hiding its identity with the party, the league provocatively flaunted it. Under the circumstances, when the Gompers and later the Green leaderships of

the AFL put the "heat" on, the left-wing caucus was incapable of rallying forces to its defense. The communist tie-up could be too easily proved and the American workers were still too far removed from bolshevism for the TUEL leaders to survive this sort of pressure.

For approximately four years after it ceased to be a significant factor in the trade-union movement, TUEL carried on its fruitless, divisive struggle. Then the masters of the puppet show, from their headquarters in the Kremlin, dictated a change. In the wake of the crash in Wall Street they sensed revolutionary possibilities. They ordered a return to the "infantile disorder" which Lenin had castigated in 1920. TUEL gave way to TUUL, the Trade Union Unity League. Like most communist creations, the name of the new organization belied its nature and purpose. Far from contributing to unity, TUUL was another Soviet experiment in dual unionism. American Communists were ordered to destroy the AFL, to become revolutionary, to strike, disrupt, make all the mischief they could. The "united front" had suddenly become heresy; the policy of "boring-from-within" was dead.

The new tactic lasted until 1935, when all the dual unions suddenly expired. They expired because the Muscovite masters, frightened by the rise of Hitler in Germany, had decreed another switch in the party line. The revolutionary slogans were laid aside. Radical dual unionism was once more an "infantile disorder." The "united front" became again the test of communist orthodoxy.

Politically, this meant the end of opposition to the Roosevelt New Deal. In the trade-union movement it meant unity, even with Socialists, with whom the Communists generally carry on a bitter feud.

Circumstances favored the new communist line. After fighting vainly with his fellow hierarchs in the AFL for industrial, as opposed to craft, unionism in the nation's basic industry, John L. Lewis in 1936 led his Committee for Industrial Organization out of the House of Labor. He needed experienced organizers, journalists, lawyers (so the story goes), and only the Communists were in a position to provide them. So Mr. Lewis used the Communists, confident that he could control them and, should events make it necessary, get rid of them.

That was one of the biggest mistakes the leader of the mine workers ever made. By 1939 the Communists rode herd on one-third of the membership of the CIO. They had henchmen high in the bureaucratic apparatus at Washington and a base of operations in almost every CIO affiliate. The return to the "united front" tactic, dictated by the threat of war and the rise of fascism, had paid big dividends.

The Communist Party in the U. S., like communist parties everywhere in the democracies, almost came a cropper in 1939. In August of that year Stalin and Hitler made their infamous deal over Eastern Europe, and Molotov cynically announced that only fools went to war over ideologies. On the American scene the startling new zigzag meant isolationism and a virulent campaign against the "warmonger" Roosevelt.

Normally this tactic would have spelled disaster for

the CP's in the very anti-fascist CIO. They were saved by one of those unpredictable switches which have characterized the career of John L. Lewis. Mr. Lewis, whose relations with the White House had deteriorated after the 1936 campaign and the bloody strikes the following year in "Little Steel," now broke openly with Roosevelt and declared for isolationism. That was all the protection the Communists needed against the wrath of Philip Murray, Sidney Hillman, Walter Reuther, John Green, Emil Rieve and other staunch supporters of the New Deal. By the time Lewis ceased to be a factor in the CIO and was no longer able to protect the Commies he let in, Hitler had attacked Soviet Russia and the dangerously unpopular Party Line had changed.

From June 22, 1941, when the *Wehrmacht* invaded Russia, until the end of the war, the Communists were the most vocally patriotic of Americans. No sacrifice was too great for unity and victory over the Fascists—not even piecemeal, the speed-up and strike-breaking. On the surface the CIO was one big, happy family.

To those of us who covered the CIO during those years, the talk of unity had a hollow ring. Behind the scenes the struggle between the Communists and the so-called "right-wing" never ceased. It very nearly erupted into open warfare when Harry Bridges, leader of the West Coast longshoremen, openly scabbed in the famous 1944 strike at Montgomery Ward.



amous 1944 strike at Montgomery Ward.

In many quarters, including some friendly to the CIO, Philip Murray was sharply criticized for temporizing and maintaining the *status quo*. Friends were equally warm in his defense. They pointed out that intra-union strife would interfere with war production, that the membership had to be educated before it would support a purge of the Stalinists, that as a national labor leader the President of the CIO had to back U. S. foreign policy, which even then envisaged the future peace as the fruit of "Big Three" unity. For the rest, they were full of inside stories, most of them no doubt true, about how Mr. Murray had checked the Stalinists here and forced them back there. Certainly, on the celebrated issue of the "second front," he made complete fools of them.

Came the "peace" in 1945 and with it still another switch in the Party Line.

In the United States and Great Britain, in Belgium, Italy and France, Stalin's stooges were assigned the role of undermining opposition to the Kremlin's explosive postwar gamble in imperialism. The last thing the Russian Politburo wanted was peace and reconstruction, in Western Europe or anywhere else on the free side of the Iron Curtain. The various Communist Parties were therefore ordered to return to the "infantile disorder" of left-wing unionism—to confuse, divide, sabotage wherever the opportunity offered. Above all, they were to support the

foreign policy of the Soviet Union. Russia was to be portrayed as the great peace-loving nation, Britain and the United States as warmongers. To the same end the World Federation of Trade Unions, born in the flush of victory, sired by hope of peace through "Big Three" unity, was to be prostituted. The Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the Atlantic Pact—all were to be opposed and sabotaged.

This line ran smack against official CIO policy, first adumbrated at the 1947 convention at Boston and later definitively laid down by the Executive Board and ratified by the Portland convention in 1948. It also forced the Communists, in direct defiance of the CIO, to sponsor the crazy Wallace third-party fiasco in the 1948 election.

The CP wheelhorses in the American labor movement thus found themselves way out on the end of a limb.

THE ISSUE AT CLEVELAND

That is where they are right now as the CIO prepares to descend on Cleveland. For some time it was not clear whether the new Stalinist line called for a return to dual unionism or for a continuation of the boring-from-within formula. The *Daily Worker*, its "democratic" sensibilities outraged by right-wing "tyranny," has been exhorting "progressive" labor leaders to stay in there and fight the battle of democratic autonomy against dictatorial centralism. But the *Daily Worker* has also been hinting at secession. "Just as some ten unions," it said recently, "who in 1935 formed the Committee for Industrial Organization to advance industrial unionism and organization of unorganized within the AFL were expelled, so an approximately like number of unions, with about a like number of members, are facing expulsion now from the CIO."

The recent convention of the United Electrical Workers has clarified this double-talk. The Communist Party is obviously determined to pull its dozen or so affiliates—none of which, except UE and Bridges' longshoremen, amounts to much numerically—out of the CIO and launch a new CP-controlled federation. It intends to do this, though, in such a way that the blame for splitting the CIO will seem to rest, not on the Party, but on Philip Murray and those who support him. That is the significance of the impossible demands which the UE convention voted to serve on the CIO as a condition for continuing per-capita payments.

In other words, CP-dominated unions will remain in the CIO only so long as they are free to support the foreign policy of Soviet Russia.

That is the sort of challenge to its authority, its patriotism, its democratic principles which the CIO can scarcely afford to ignore. The Cleveland convention will almost certainly saw off the limb on which the Stalinists, loyal to the Kremlin, have blindly crawled. If the surgical operation which Messrs. Murray, Reuther, Rieve and their followers are expected to perform should mark the end of all communist influence in American labor, Stalin has largely himself to blame. Not that this will worry the man who from the day of his accession to power has found his "colonial agents"—the phrase is Walter Reuther's—expendable.

A letter to James

Timmie Vann

DEAR JIM: Well, I did it! You remember I wrote you some weeks ago that I was thinking of going to a Negro dentist, one who had done his preparatory work here at St. Ambrose College and then finished up for his DDS at the State University. I did not know him personally, but had met his brother on the campus here, and had been in some classes with his sister during the year I went to Marycrest.

The strange part of it is that when I worked out the matter in my head, in my usual lumbering fashion, I had some notion—this is a crude way of putting it, and I don't think my idea was as snobbish as this may sound—that I would be doing a favor, both in patronizing a fairly recent graduate and in practising the interracial justice I have been so willing to preach.

Well, the dentist is richer by the amount of the fee I paid him, which won't take him so far; but I am richer in a much deeper sense, with a wealth I can neither adequately measure nor repay. It seems to be one of the ironies of life that so often when we set ourselves up to be donors, we end up *debtors*!

The greatest gift this man gave me was the opportunity to deal with one of his race and to forget entirely the skin-color of either of us. This is like catching a glimpse of Truth itself, instead of simply satisfying oneself with intellectual descriptions and conclusions of what it must be like. I know, both as a reasoning being and as a Christian, that there is no ground for assuming that one race is superior to another. I have admitted it honestly and sincerely. Yet I have been both amazed and chagrined, in the few dealings I have had with those who were colored, to find that while I could keep myself quite "on an even keel" externally, my internal attitude was one of definite patronage. Why?

First of all, there is, I suppose, the obvious matter of color. If a man is of our own race, we can forget in the zeal of our conversation whether he is Irish or English or Dutch. But we cannot, in a physical sense, look at a Negro who has a dark skin and forget that he is just that. Like the sin the psalmist speaks of, the "color is always before us."

Then there is the psychological aspect, with its effects on both sides of the fence. The man in the driver's seat may never refer explicitly to the prerogatives he enjoys by virtue of his position, but the sense of power this status gives him will implicitly color all he says and does. The white man is, for the moment, in the driver's seat. It is true that the Negro himself may contribute

(Timmie Vann, Bachelor of Arts, from Trinity College of Washington, D.C., is instructor in physical education for the girls at Alleman High, a new Catholic high school opened this fall at Rock Island, Illinois.)

much, albeit unconsciously, to this feeling of superiority on the part of the white. I think it was Gunnar Myrdal, the Swedish sociologist, who, in his report on the race situation in our country, remarked that it is difficult to gauge, in terms of mass psychology, the effect of justice on a race that has been kept in a position of inferiority for generations. A sudden passport to "rights," without education in the obligations which rights entail, can be as disastrous as the torrent of water smashing through a hole in a dam. People long held in subjection may find themselves unable to use full freedom without flaunting it to a point of becoming, perhaps, offensive. And because the Negro is readily identified, it becomes an easy thing to transfer the stigma for individual indiscretions to a whole race.

On the other hand, the colored man may go to the opposite extreme. He may accept the label of "inferiority," either as something that must be true because it has been said so often and so well by "wise" people, or because it is the course of least resistance. An attitude of deference is adopted, in the face of which even the white man who is honestly trying to achieve full fellowship finds his task more difficult. It is not easy to treat as an equal a man who insists upon behaving as a servant.

Be that as it may. I know I have reasoned upon the matter from the standpoint of logic, from the standpoint of science, from the standpoint of Christian principles. Yet I must humbly and honestly admit, as I mentioned above, that I have never been able to talk to a colored person without in the first place being definitely conscious of his color and, in the second, of feeling that I was in the role of patron—until I went to my dentist!

Here for the first time in my life I found I could lose the man in his profession. You know that I love tools and respect those who work with them. I think it is natural to admire a man's mastery in using things creatively. My dentist is a craftsman. He goes at his work simply, deftly, surely. There is only one attitude possible in the face of such performance: to pay homage, to become humble. You know the old maxim we had drummed into our heads: humility is truth. It does not stop with the accidents of race or color or creed, but gets to the essence, the core. I had my tooth pulled by a Doctor of Dentistry. It was as simple as that!

The other gift is, perhaps, a little more intangible and a little more personal. I have always felt keenly the hurts which must be the daily portion of the colored people when they suffer themselves to come into contact with the whites. Little things, insignificant things, things sometimes done in crude ignorance and sometimes with a sly malice, small things, as the blade of a knife is small—but what exquisite pain it can give if forced ever so slightly under the nail of your littlest finger!

I have tried to imagine what it would be like to be avoided by people because I had murdered, robbed, committed some sort of despicable crime. It would be unpleasant, but at least I should know that I deserved no better. Then I have put myself in the place of a person who is treated as an outcast for something over which he

had no control at all, for being born with a skin a shade (or two, or maybe even three) darker than yours and mine. To sit in a bus and have an empty seat beside me—empty, even though people were standing in the aisles. To step up to a counter for food and be told to go elsewhere. To tuck my trunks under my arm (as a little fellow in a nearby community did) and trot down with the rest of the neighborhood children for a free lesson in the swimming pool, and alone be sent home, while the others, with skins lighter (but possibly less clean) than mine, went on to the joyous business of "learning how to float." The instances can be multiplied without number. Ostracism for deliberate misbehavior or crime is one thing, but censure for something entirely out of the scope of a person's control—how bewildering in a culture that boasts of having "one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all!"

I have heard the excuse that "these people do not feel the hurt as we would." Perhaps some of them do not. There are gangsters, too, pure Caucasians, who steal and murder and mutilate without a flicker of conscience. But we do not take them as the norm.

Let me tell you a story, a true story, related to me by a sister who taught in a Southern school. It begins with a question:

"Sister, why did God make some people white and some people black?"

"Why, Susie," Sister strove to make her voice non-committal, "what difference does it make? People are all the same underneath, only some have white skins and some have black. It doesn't make any *real* difference."

Susie looked up at Sister, and I shall leave it to you to imagine the expression on her face.

"You wouldn't say that, Sister, if you was black."

Then Susie took the thumb and forefinger of one hand and picked up a pinch of her dark skin from the back of the other wrist, and let it slip through.

"See, Sister." She did it again and again. "You can't pick it off."

Susie was about ten.

But to get back to the "second gift." My doctor showed me a picture one day, of his little girl. I shall not forget it: a youngster about two years old, sturdy, comely, face crinkled in a merry laugh you could all but hear, eyes shining bright, standing on eager tiptoe to peer over the slats of her play-pen as if to say: "Look, Life! Here I am, ready and waiting, like those Christ spoke of when He set up the pattern for the Kingdom of Heaven. Clean of heart, simple, without guile. These are the gifts I have for you. So now, Life," the eyes are dancing with expectancy, "what do you have for me?"

Involuntarily the thought came to my mind: "What does life have for you? Pain. Hurt. Injustice. An invitation to warp yourself with bitterness, or hide your feelings behind a self-made barrier of callousness—unless we who are older *do* something before you grow up."

I have thought so many times of a letter I read in one of our local papers shortly after the war was over. It was written by a soldier who helped to free the victims

in a German concentration camp. As he wrote, there was much talk of punishment and retaliation, and the responsibility of the German people for the atrocities committed in the name of nazism. In the light of what he had seen, this correspondent was bitter. To him there should be no question of excusing *anyone* for such horrors as he had witnessed with his own eyes. If the common people pleaded they could not know of the crimes that transpired behind the barbed inclosures, he would have them held accountable anyway, because "the very stench of the place would have told them that something was wrong inside." *And they had made no effort to find out.* To him that was the crowning sin: to have the evidence under their noses for the seeking, and yet to cling to their ignorance.

At the time I thought how strange it is that we can see so clearly in one case, while our vision in a matter

that is tragically parallel can be completely out of focus.

I wonder which is worse, the disfigurement of an arm, a leg, a body (which we can see), or the warping and twisting and maiming of the very spirit of a man, the soul which makes him human and which is none the less real for being invisible. The barbed enclosures of discrimination are all around us. We have only to *look and see*. The curiosity of the German people who suspected that anything was wrong was undoubtedly curbed by fear. A great many, moreover, were kept in complete ignorance of the atrocities being committed. But we have no such excuse.

Anyway, there it is. I have the incentive clearly enough. What I shall do about it, nobody knows! . . . By the way, if you have any tooth troubles the next time you come home, let me know. I'll introduce you to my dentist!

Love, as always, TIM

Brotherhood and profit-sharing

Kathryn Sanders Rieder

MR. H. C. NICHOLAS, president of the Quality Castings Company of Orrville, Ohio, has known for a long time what it means to demonstrate one's interest in the welfare of others by helping the worker share the profit he creates through his own increased efficiency.

Men, Mr. Nicholas has found, don't want something handed to them; they want to earn it and they want to take pride in their accomplishment. And he has faith in men, in their abilities, their worthiness. His desire to help them, and through them our whole economy, has been the basis of all his planning. The average man, he knows, has high principles, and often unconsciously demonstrates them in service. "Why, that fellow's a Christian and doesn't know it," he will sometimes say in praise of a man giving worthy service.

How has this faith in ability and principle worked out? "As a result of profit-sharing in our own plant," Mr. Nicholas will tell you, "we have a forty-per-cent increase in efficiency of operation. We have larger production, more profits, increased worker earnings, as well as a better feeling of cooperation between workers and management."

The Quality Castings Company was considered efficient even in 1940, before restrictions then in force permitted its president to introduce profit-sharing. At that time, too, the men were constantly reminded that each party to production had a responsibility to make democracy work—the employer by paying a fair day's wage, the worker by giving a fair day's work.

Today, under the profit-sharing system, Mr. Nicholas insists first of all that the basic wage paid his employees must be equal to the average rates in the industry (his

A sound economy, in the opinion of an Ohio executive, results from a partnership between owners, workers and consumers. How this belief, translated into practice in his own business, has paid off, is told in the following article by Kathryn Sanders Rieder, graduate of Wittenberg College (Springfield, Ohio), frequent contributor to many publications.

are better). Profit-sharing must be over and above this good base pay. Further, the public is not forgotten. Employees are constantly told that some of the advantages of increased efficiency must be passed on to the consumer in the form of lower prices, so that everyone may profit. "The customer is a mighty important factor in any business," he points out, "and any time you want to forget him you might as well close your doors."

The Quality Castings Company is not a large corporation. It employs 115 workers in a town of 5,000. Because of its policy and the consequent efficiency, its earnings are good. A very generous portion of these profits go to the employees. In 1947 the amount divided among the workers was nearly \$100,000, which increased by more than forty per cent the regular amount received in wages. Yet the stockholders received a 30-per-cent dividend. The customers benefited too, with prices from 35 per cent to 40 per cent less than the average in the industry.

The increased efficiency which accounts for these fine earnings and low prices is the result of a number of practices. There is less absenteeism in the Quality Castings Company than in many other plants, less waste of materials through carelessness. Men are quick to see how even small leaks, multiplied, cut efficiency and profits. Tools and company property receive better care than is ordinarily the case. Since the men are personally interested in the problems that cause loss and waste, they see to it that the equipment is in order and that no work is delayed. Suggestions for improvement of techniques and skill are accepted eagerly.

Another factor of prime importance in preserving and promoting employee interest and spirit is the practice of

departmental meetings in the Quality Castings Company. Here the workers can bring up objections they may have or new plans they wish to suggest. Here each man is shown the importance of his own job and the part it plays in making a whole operation move smoothly. Here is emphasized the common purpose of efficient production: to benefit the country's economy and to raise the men's own standard of living. In the departmental meetings employees become aware of the fact that there are many problems to be solved, but that the company is working on them. New workers are taught the ideals and purposes of profit-sharing. Through the give and take of the meetings, a sense of individual responsibility and team work is developed in the mind of each employee. The workers see that they are actually in business for themselves. Their labor is their investment.

The interest in increased efficiency developed by the policy of this Ohio company has resulted in far greater earnings for the employees, but money is not the only reward, nor is the prospect of earning it the only incentive. Under the system prevailing in the shops, the worker is an active and intelligent factor in the business. When the daily profit-and-loss sheet is posted, each man sees in black and white the wealth he has created through his increased efficiency, and he knows he has a right to share in the increased profit which has resulted.

Under the circumstances, each man naturally feels his own responsibility and importance in making the record a good one. He is eager to plan short cuts which will result in even greater production. When he leaves for home at night he is conscious of having done a good day's work, and the home he goes to is one with higher standards of living because of that work. Yet there has been little increase in the energy he has put into the job. He has merely put that energy to the best use.

As further incentives for good work and loyalty, the profits at the Quality Castings Company are broken down into three pools. Men receive amounts according to their ratings in seniority, aptitude and attendance.

"The only realistic approach to a sound economy," said Mr. Nicholas in a recent talk, "is through the laws of God. As Christians we know that the human person is all-important in the eyes of God. If what we read in the Declaration of Independence and the United States' Constitution is true, we can feel certain that our form of government was based on the laws of God—evidence of man's importance in the minds of those who formed our government. Things of a material nature are important only to the extent that they serve the human person."

The most outstanding obligations of the employer, Mr. Nicholas believes, are: 1) to recognize the importance and dignity of the human person, regardless of the level of his employment; 2) to pay a just wage; 3) to produce quality merchandise at honest prices (not being guided by supply and demand as a basis for price setting); 4) to concern himself with the conduct of those public officials whose responsibility it is to safeguard our rights.

"It is something of a problem to know just what a 'just wage' is," he explained. "We cannot satisfy our conscience by paying what we consider a subsistence wage.

Neither can we be certain of full cooperation of employees by paying what we consider a fair wage.

"The fact is that any increase in efficiency will increase the profit potential to a much higher per cent than the per cent of the increased efficiency. This should direct our attention and interest towards paying a fair wage, plus a generous share of the company's earnings, because the greater the efficiency the greater will be the earnings of both employee and employer. This is the best method I know of satisfying one's conscience in the matter of a just wage, and it does encourage employee effort.

"Honest prices are of great importance in encouraging employee effort. Whenever an employer does business on the basis of charging all the traffic will bear, invariably he will be operating inefficiently. Either he does not understand the economics of his business, or he is concerned with only himself—or both. It is impossible under those conditions for him to gain full confidence and cooperation of his employees.



"The result will be that they, too, will want all they can get for the least effort. This simply means that we must be willing to recognize the fact that our employees are our partners and the more we can tell them

about the business, the greater the cooperation. . . .

"In our company we share approximately half of our profits with our employees on what we believe is an equitable basis. It has resulted in higher attendance, maximum use of man's talents, care of machinery and equipment, reduction of waste of supplies and materials, high productivity, as well as happy and cooperative employees.

"Earnings of our employees who have been in our employ one year and over, will average this year slightly over \$4,000. Their classification is approximately 30 per cent skilled, 40 per cent semi-skilled, and 30 per cent non-skilled. About 26 per cent are Negroes.

"We have been able to sell our products at prices which are 35 per cent to 45 per cent less than the average in the industry. The company's earnings are very satisfactory, about 12 per cent on sales before taxes.

"We believe if this method were practised on a widespread basis, it would not only increase purchasing power but would spread it more widely, increasing the standard of living greatly, decreasing unemployment. We believe so because it is based on the importance and resourcefulness of the human person, and in man himself as the most essential factor in reaching and maintaining maximum production."

Inquiries from all over the world have come to Mr. Nicholas, praising the profit-sharing idea and asking for more information. He is in constant demand by organizations wishing to hear him speak on his successful application of profit-sharing.

Inherent in all the enthusiastic response is the searching question: "Am I my brother's keeper? Is this an answer to it in the economic field?" Mr. Nicholas would answer that with a cheerful and confident "Certainly!"

Hollywood letter

GOLDWYN VS. CENSORSHIP. Samuel Goldwyn, who is nothing if not forthright, took occasion recently to criticize what a considerable number of industry people here consider a piece of old-fashioned hanky-panky—namely, censorship. In an address in Los Angeles before a group of theatre-owners, he complained bitterly about censorship as “vicious and un-American” and “an intolerable invasion of our rights,” adding: “Our fear of what the censors will do keeps us from portraying life as it really is. We wind up with a lot of empty little fairy tales.”

Now, Goldwyn is an old hand at the movie game, and we'll wager he knows he is airing an old cry of despair. It happens that Goldwyn is entitled to blow on his fingertips because his movies traditionally radiate kindness, humanity and fair play. He is no censor's worry and, if the truth were openly stated, censors, lay or government, would be jobless if all Hollywood products had the Goldwyn stamp.

It is interesting, then, to hear Goldwyn say these things about censorship. Is it his point that if it were not for censorship he would not have made movies like *Pride of the Yankees*, *Wuthering Heights*, *The Little Foxes* (this certainly was no empty little fairy tale)? That would have been regrettable, because such films as these are a kind of literature, inclining many persons to the belief that motion pictures are an admirable art form and here to stay.

From his remarks one might safely infer that Goldwyn is of the opinion that censorship came first. No right existed which censorship improperly invaded unless it was the “right” of the screen to play fast and loose with morals and good taste. Nor was censorship a grab for power, but rather a brake on over-enthusiasm in an industry where enthusiasm spills over easily into daring venture.

There was no civil law against mayhem until some culprit in a primitive day hit upon the plan of cutting off his creditor's ear as a form of social expression. By the same token, censorship conceivably may have come along in much the same manner as the Bill of Rights, or traffic laws, to prevent the recurrence of certain excesses—in other words (let's face it), to curb the boys who want to make a fast buck with any type of subject, no matter how ribald or offensive, or how detrimental to youthful minds.

If Goldwyn was aiming an inferential shaft at the Legion of Decency, we personally can see little difference between an executive oath of office and a promise not to attend certain films. One is a pledge to the sovereignty, the other to God; and Mr. Goldwyn is on his own as to which is the more important.

As the father of two children who, wretched plebeians, happen to like motion pictures (including Mr. Goldwyn's) I applaud the idea of someone taking the trouble to check movies ahead of time and telling me whether they are fair or foul. If it takes censorship to prevent my children's seeing a piece of smut, then let's have more of it—and hurrah!

LITERATURE AND ARTS

Quite a number of local folks wrote letters to Los Angeles newspapers and, almost without exception, attacked the Goldwyn view. One lady in particular was notably unimpressed by the producer's disconsolate view that censorship forces him to wind up with fairy tales. She wrote to the *L. A. Times*: “My husband and I studied the drama page the other evening and ran across such titles as *The Gangster*, *The Outlaw*, *Anna Lucasta*, *Thieves Highway* . . . It was the usual disheartening array of films exploiting sadism, criminals, killers and degraded women.” The couple decided to remain at home. Are these the fairy tales which, Goldwyn says, lost strength “through censorship dilution”?

For months the screen has been having a blood bath, to the point where one Hollywood stalwart, Cecil B. DeMille, who taught an incredulous industry how to turn Bible stories into great drama, was prompted to remark: “It seems all we see on the screen now are two people trying to figure out some novel way of murdering their mother-in-law, or spouse, or some one—preferably by some unique and exquisite method that may stir some new pleasure in heaven knows what soul.”

But all this psychotic homicide would seem like a Vassar hazing in comparison to the kind of films we would get if it were suddenly said: “Go to it, boys; no more censorship.” Mr. Goldwyn and men of his caliber undoubtedly would go on making good films, but not so the cheap-Jacks, get-rich-quick artists and fly-by-night exploiters.

Harold Hobson, dramatic critic of the London Sunday Times, after a visit on Broadway reached the conclusion that our legitimate theatre is obsessed by sex. George Jean Nathan, the critic, agreed with him but amended the finding to point out that it is “not obsessed by sex nearly so much as it is by dirty words more or less related to sex.” Nathan says further: “And not only is our theatre thus obsessed but obsessed to an even greater degree are our novels. While it is still possible to distinguish our plays from the walls of a Hoboken lavatory, it is somewhat harder to come across a novel these days, particularly by one of the younger school of writers, that doesn't seem to be a dividend for members of the French Postcard-of-the-Month Club.”

Without assuming these serious charges are correct, it is worthwhile to note they have not been leveled at films. And, who knows, perhaps censorship is the reason why.

PHIL KOURY

Quebec letter

A recent column by J. G. Shaw in the *Ensign* (Canada's national Catholic weekly) dealt with the difficulties young writers face in this country. The situation has improved, certainly, in the last few years, and sincere efforts are being made by cultural groups, publishers, the universities and individuals to encourage Canadian literary talent, but there is still a problem.

This problem is closely linked with another problem which has been steadily coming to the fore and which is frequently encountered under one form or another in articles and conversations, both in English-speaking and in French-speaking Canada.

This second problem is that of periodical literature. Newspapers, magazines and reviews undoubtedly form the greater part of the twentieth-century reading diet. Consequently, they are the chief outlet for creative talent. As far as newspapers are concerned—the dailies that really offer news—there is not much difficulty. Journalism is a special field and, besides, the Canadian newspaper industry is a healthily developed one.

As for the other forms of periodical literature, Canada's position has been complicated by the triple influence of the United States, Great Britain and France. Both popular and intellectual publications from these three sources have flooded the country for many years, and have almost certainly retarded the evolution of Canada's own magazine output. Particularly in recent years, however, there seems to have been an unconscious and almost unintentional reaction; so much so, that at the present time pretty well every type of magazine put out in the three countries mentioned has its counterpart in Canada. This is true both of the English-speaking and French-speaking populations and, to a certain degree, even of highly specialized publications.

These periodicals of purely Canadian inspiration now go hand in hand with those of France for the Franco-Canadians, and with those of the United States for the Anglo-Canadians. British periodicals are not now, of course, nearly so widely read in Canada as the American. A few, such as the *Fortnightly*, the *Saturday Review of Literature* and, in a more popular category, *Mayfair*, have many Canadian subscribers. But they have nothing like the reading public of, say, *Time*, *Life*, *Newsweek*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Atlantic Monthly* and a hundred others.

The reaction in favor of home-published periodicals is particularly noticeable in French Canada, which has every reason to be proud of its numerous and varied publications, many of them of recent origin. Popular magazines of the *Post* and *Collier's* variety are well represented by local publications like *Le Samedi*, *La Revue Moderne*, *La Voix Nationale* and *Paysanna*. They offer short stories, articles of general and domestic interest and novels, published serially.

Also appealing to the general public, but in a category of its own, is *Ma Paroisse*, one of the most widely read periodicals in French Canada. The title (*My Parish*) indicates sufficiently its Catholic tone. It is well set up

and printed, and features chiefly articles on modern questions of faith and morals, education, contemporary economic problems.

Like *Ma Paroisse*, *Relations* is put out by the Jesuit Fathers of the Maison Bellarmine in Montreal. *Relations* is a more intellectual review, and in many ways resembles *AMERICA*. Its influence is considerable, particularly among more serious readers.

Notre-Temps, a weekly in newspaper format, is of general cultural interest, with excellent articles on literature, music, the arts, the theatre, political and economic issues. Not only are all recent developments in France and French Canada pointed up, but quite frequently there are scholarly articles on Anglo-Canadian and American cultural events.

Le Digeste Française, which is advertised as the "most Canadian and the most French" in its category, is a close rival of *Reader's Digest's Sélections*. Formerly known as *Aujourd'hui*, it was amalgamated some time ago with another Digest, the *Recueil* of Quebec City.

In the whole field of French-Canadian periodicals, perhaps the most striking is an illustrated magazine published six times a year under the title of *Marie*. Nowhere else in the Americas, I believe, and in very few countries of Europe, could such a specialized Marian review be published successfully. It differs, too, from the great majority of "devotional" publications by its maturity, its expert presentation, and what may perhaps best be called its disinterestedness. Starting as a rather doubtful experiment, it has rapidly grown to the status of a truly international magazine, read widely in Belgium, France, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, the near East, Central and South America and wherever else the French language is known and the Blessed Virgin honored. Its director, Roger Brien of the French Canadian Academy, hopes that he will soon be able to publish *Marie* in English and Spanish editions also.

Already, however, *Marie* numbers among its subscribers even persons who do not read French, because it is also an art review of the highest order. Each number is an album of expertly reproduced art treasures from both hemispheres. In a world lamenting the deadly influence of materialistic and pagan publications, *Marie* stands as an outpost of all that is noblest and purest in Christian civilization.

In a sense, *Marie* also symbolizes the chief difference between the French and English periodicals in Canada. The former have developed under a very strong Catholic influence and in an environment that has had cultural unity for centuries. Perhaps this has made them more original and individualized, even though their inspiration has been colored by the long French tradition. I feel convinced, however, that a close study of the parallel developments of the French and English periodical publications in Canada would reveal a closer kinship than might generally be expected.

The current widespread interest in the growth and maturation of these periodicals will undoubtedly prove a beneficial factor in the evolution of Canada's cultural life.

BERNARD O'KELLY

Not yet the real man

STALIN: A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY

By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford University Press. 600p. \$5

If a man were able to choose his biographers, Stalin, it is certain, would select neither Souvarine, Trotsky nor Mr. Deutscher. Writing subjectively of the leader of the Soviet Union, the first two painted unflattering portraits of a mediocre politician carried to the heights by ambition and ruthlessness at the expense of honor and decency. Mr. Deutscher's approach is more dispassionate, yet his Stalin is a thoroughly unpleasant person whose "inhuman despotism has . . . vitiated much of his achievement . . ."

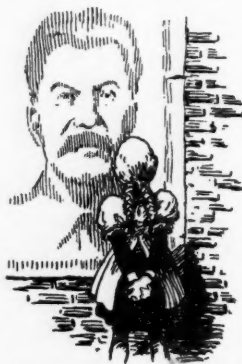
No one sensitive to the political cross-currents and passions of this unhappy era can treat Stalin with complete objectivity. I am sure that Mr. Deutscher has made a conscious effort to do so, but he has not completely succeeded and his book is highly colored by his personal sympathies. He is a former Polish Communist who broke with the Comrades almost twenty years ago. On what issue the break came I do not know, but from the evidence of this book I suspect that Mr. Deutscher sympathized with the Trotskyist viewpoint and believed in more democracy and less ideological intolerance within his party. He is still a Marxist, and his book leaves the impression that communism under less ruthless leadership would not offend him.

Stalin's life is minutely traced from his early obscurity in the revolutionary underground of his native Caucasus until 1946, when he stood at the heights, the unchallenged leader of the Russian state and the insidious world communist movement. In describing the years between, Mr. Deutscher demonstrates how a power-mad fanatic can win a place over more able men by dogged persistence and inhuman ruthlessness. In a free society Stalin might have ended his days as a small-town political boss whose hold on a corrupt political machine could be swept away any election day. Under the authoritarian system which Lenin forced on the Bolshevik party, it was inevitable that the man who mastered the political apparatus of that party would also master Russia. Stalin's climb through the ranks of bolshevism was the outcome of his willingness to assume the drudgery of political organization while his more brilliant associates wore themselves out in ideological debate. Never possessing an original idea of his own, Stalin shrewdly used the ideas of others to hack his way to the top.

To Mr. Deutscher, Stalin is the man of the golden mean, "repeatedly com-

pelled to make sudden and inordinately violent jumps now to this, now to that side of the road." The twists and turns in his policy represent his "convulsive attempts . . . to keep his balance amid the cataclysms of his time." This does not mean that Stalin is a compromiser. His "purpose was not to bring the extremes together but to blow them up and destroy them." Thus Stalin used Kamenev and Zinoviev to destroy Trotsky. Later he used Bukharin, Rykov and Tomsy to destroy Zinoviev and Kamenev. The way was then clear to dispose of this last group of collaborators and, at last Stalin sat alone on the summit.

Mr. Deutscher's explanation of the tragic purges of the late 'thirties is a section of brilliant deduction. Stalin, he writes, was sure that war would come. The innumerable victims of his rise to power were certain to welcome an opportunity to turn the tables. They might be able to do that, Stalin mused, by collaborating with the enemy to break his power. Why not accuse these opponents of already conspiring to do what it was logical for them to do? From some such thoughts as these, Mr. Deutscher believes, Stalin evolved the series of trials which shocked the world with their incredible charges and self-accusations.



Inevitably Mr. Deutscher's work will be compared with the books by Souvarine and Trotsky. Although the latter were Stalin's avowed enemies, it is amazing how similar is the judgment rendered by all three. Stalin is described as a mediocre individual thrust into power by a political machine. But whereas Mr. Deutscher gives Stalin credit for constructing that machine, Trotsky maintains that the machine created Stalin. Mr. Deutscher also believes that much of Stalin's work will have enduring value for Russia and even for the world; Souvarine and Trotsky can see no good in any part of his program. That sort of evaluation had best be left to the cooler judgment of history but, as of today, I think Souvarine and Trotsky have the best of the argument.

BOOKS

Before this book was published, an attack was made on its objectivity in a memorandum circulated by a socialist weekly, which termed it "the most adroit apology for Soviet domestic and foreign policy to be published in many years." That is a conclusion with which I cannot agree, although it is easy to understand the ratiocination behind it. Mr. Deutscher's communist, although anti-Stalinist, background has influenced him to treat the democratic opponents of bolshevism in 1917—the Mensheviks, the Essars and the Cadets—in cavalier fashion. He ignores the work of Professor Timasheff and others, and pictures pre-revolutionary Russia as a dark "half-Asiatic autocracy" in which the European liberal democracy advocated by these groups could not be made to work. He also ignores the intolerance and violence exhibited by the Bolsheviks almost immediately after they seized power.

It is a pity that Mr. Deutscher did not take advantage of the wealth of material recently brought to light in such books as Ruth Fischer's *Stalin and German Communism*, David Shub's *Lenin* and Bertram Wolfe's *Three Who Made A Revolution*. Had he done so he might have avoided numerous errors of fact and judgment.

For one thing, Mr. Deutscher assigns too much importance to Stalin's role in pre-revolutionary bolshevik circles. He perpetuates the legend of Lenin as a "good" Communist, although Mr. Shub pretty thoroughly exploded that notion in his scholarly book. At numerous other points which I cannot do more than list here, Mr. Deutscher's critical judgment is at fault. His treatment of the July days between the democratic revolution of March and the bolshevik insurrection of November is biased in favor of the Bolsheviks, while his description of the Kornilov revolt is fair neither to the provisional government nor to the moderate Russian political parties. In his summary of the diplomacy preceding the recent war, Mr. Deutscher infers that Great Britain and France were as guilty for attempting to appease Hitler as Russia was for entering a *modus vivendi* with the Nazis. His judgment of Stalin's seizure of the Baltic States in 1939 is too charitable. In describing how Russia and the Polish Provisional Government fell out during the war, Mr. Deutscher is willing to allow that the 15,000 Polish officers found murdered in Katyn Forest were nazi victims. Proof that they were killed by the Russians seems incon-

trovertible. Similarly, he places the blame for the tragic Warsaw uprising on the Polish underground instead of on Moscow which urged it to revolt and then failed to come to its aid.

In a dozen other places Mr. Deutscher glosses over unfavorable aspects of Soviet policy. If his book is used carefully and with these warnings in mind, the reader will find it a helpful guide to the driving forces behind the life of the world's most important contemporary political figure. A completely judicious life of Stalin, weighing all aspects of his career and drawing on all available sources, communist as well as non-communist, is yet to be written.

LEONARD J. SCHWEITZER

More simple than precocious?

TO EVERY MAN A PENNY

By Bruce Marshall. Houghton Mifflin. 345p. \$3

Take equal measures of *The World, the Flesh and Father Smith* and of *Yellow Tapers for Paris* and mix, fold or stir one into the other, and you have, I believe, *To Every Man a Penny*. Certainly l'Abbé Gaston is Father Smith *redivivus*, and many of the character types in this latest book have been met already in *Yellow Tapers*. More, Mr.

Marshall uses here the familiar technique of his other books. Time's passage is indicated by little asides on the silly speeches of an unnamed politician, as it was by kindred glimpses at the cinema in *The World*. There are the same stock figures to act as foils for the priest-hero: the heart-of-gold prostitute, the good Communist, the rather time-serving fellow-priest.

Yes, it is all good standard Bruce Marshall, but not, for that reason, any the less noteworthy. It is a success formula that has proved itself. Its only drawback is that it gives the initiated Marshall reader the sense of "this is where I came in." And perhaps in this instance Mr. Marshall's character contrasts, his fun at the expense of some of his clerical actors, and his asides on a type of clerical politics will strike many of his readers as trespassing unduly on good taste. It all raises the old question of how far "family gossip" can prudently be spread before those outside the fold.

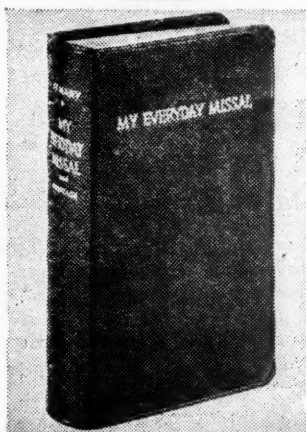
There is little actual plot; the story is episodic as it follows l'Abbé Gaston through the routine of his parish duties, into two wars, to a tragic mix-up with a Resistance group, through poverty and self-sacrifice to an old age that will be spent in increasing blindness as chaplain to a convent of nuns. There is no

doubt that l'Abbé Gaston is a lovely figure and burning with love for God and his fellow men, even if he feels that he stammers badly when he tries to express it. But it is strange how the author seems to be obsessed with the presumed fact that all the ordinary French people the priest sees in the subway, on the busses, in the streets glare back at him with hatred. The ordinary people were not that way, I believe, even in an earlier, more anti-clerical France. Today they are tired, indifferent, perhaps, but why all the insistence on hatred? Certainly the holy little priest would not have thought that of them—it seems to be a blind spot that is Bruce Marshall's, and attributed rather ineptly to his character.

And it is a blind spot, because the saving quality of this book, as it has been in earlier ones, is the great love for the liturgy that shines through. Mr. Marshall has a trick of repeating time and again some of the lovely and magnificent portions of the liturgy and of translating them quite literally. The simplicity with which he brings this off and the very repetitiousness of the cadence of these passages throughout the story evokes an atmosphere of the timelessness, of the holy serenity of the Church. These "holy noises," as he has his priest quaintly call these systoles

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and diastoles of the liturgy, are enough, I hope, to compensate for some of the jarring noises of Mr. Marshall's not always tasteful facetiousness.

It is too bad that such a sincerely simple framework to the story has to be referred to in terms of "compensation." It ought to be able to stand four-square on its own, and it could most admirably if Mr. Marshall would only curtail more severely his temptations to be rather cutely gossipy about sex, Vatican politics, clerical squabbles and worldly gossip.

Many an American's blood pressure will jump a few notches over about ten pages of this book. I still think, however, that its unfeigned simplicity outweighs its precocity. Please, Mr. Marshall, stop trying to "score points" and give us the Catholic novel that every one of your books since *Father Malachy's Miracle* has been promising but has not yet delivered.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

Concentrated soul-food

THREE SPANISH MYSTICS

Edited by Father Bruno de J. M., O.D.C.
Sheed & Ward. 187p. \$7.50

To have adverse criticism done with, the outstanding defect in *Three Spanish Mystics* is the title. Saint Teresa and Saint John of the Cross are mystics. Domenikos Theotokopoulos, their contemporary whom the Spaniards called *El Greco*, is a mysterious and ethereal painter and this reviewer's favorite artist. But he is no mystic. Not in any accurate sense of the word, that is, nor in any other sense save some loose meaning bandied about by confused modern minds. But the compilers of the volume themselves forestall the objection, pointing out the analogous meaning of his "mysticism" in the chapter devoted to *El Greco's* life. Again, it grates on the Hispanist's soul to come across some very few translator's errors like Santo Domingue el Antiguo, M. Gonzales Munoz, and Malagar. Once these defects are mentioned, the rest is praise.

The book is a beautiful and distinguished volume. Attractively bound, it is profusely illustrated with fine Spanish art, most of it by *El Greco* and not well enough known. It would make a splendid gift for the individual who likes fine books around. It can—and should—be given to the deep soul who can find in its pages a splendid summation of the sublime, prayerful doctrines of Saint Teresa and Saint John.

The introductory study of these two great saints is written by Father Bruno de J. M., who knows them thoroughly. There are in the volume brief modern views into the life of *El Greco*, of the handwriting of Saint Teresa and Saint



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John, of John's one known drawing of Christ on the Cross. There are a few minor paragraphs written by earlier Spanish authors.

Aside from such interpolations, it is fair to say that the pages of this book are finely put together of extracts from the writings of John and Teresa, the two great figures it considers. Teresa and her marvelous examples inspire the good but unadventurous soul to cut away, to dare to prepare for the potential graces of God. John, with his ordered, masterly thought, his poetry and his examples, urges us on along the way. "O souls created for this [union of love], and called thereto, what are you doing?" is the poignant query that bursts from his heart. The graces of God are available in abundance to at least more humble souls than accept them.

Large writings tend to overawe us and to drive us away from precious volumes still unopened, or, if opened, unread. *Three Spanish Mystics*—which should perhaps be read in conjunction with the chapters on John and Teresa in Pourrat's *Christian Spirituality*—makes available in the digested mode of our modern day great quantities of inspiring thought. Its brevity frequently makes that thought concise, and much of the book demands reading, re-reading, and prayerful pondering. The book can be a source of actual grace, urging on the ponderer to the mortified seclusion of the Night of the Senses and, if God wills, to the higher and holier forms of prayer, to those "strange islands" of Saint John—the new and inspiring discoveries that souls and angels are always finding in God.

F. J. TIERNEY

THOMAS HARDY

By Albert J. Guerard. Harvard. 177p. \$3.50

"That Hardy was a great popular novelist and not a great deliberate artist" is the thesis of this acute but not always satisfying book.

Few recent critical studies which have come to the attention of the reviewer are richer in pregnant, almost aphoristic, statement: "He was most truly the spiritual historian of the age in his temperamental rather than in his formal pessimism. . ."; "Only in *Tess* and *Jude* does Hardy face the characteristic nightmares of the late Victorian age: the problem of ethics without dogma and the problem of the restless and isolated modern ego"; "Hardy's ideal society would be accessible to new ideas and would permit freedom to live and love, but it would simultaneously resist the passing of old customs and memories."

In addition, Professor Guerard's par-

HOW TO MAKE A CONVERT—

"... I even took a postgraduate course in apologetics down at our local Aquinas book shop and passed my 'Sixteen Steps to the Church' examination with flying colors. With diploma in hand, I faced my outsider friends with renewed confidence. All you had to do was find someone who accepted Christ's Divinity (not necessary but it eliminated six of those arduous steps) and then point out the earmarks of the True Church. Nothing to it. Simple as shooting fish in a barrel. . . .

The trouble, as I see it, lies entirely with my Protestant friends. (I am, wisely, leaving the Synagogue friends alone until I get better at this. Protestants are tough enough.) They don't cooperate. They're not interested in logic. They ask entirely the wrong questions. Why can't they play fair by saying—eagerly, logically, docilely: 'Do tell us, please, the proofs of the True Church' instead of throwing me off balance?

Instead they come at me like mosquitoes with annoying little questions like: 'Now, what's this about indulgences?' They want all the trimmings before the cake's even baked. Or else they'll say, over the bridge table: 'How do you reconcile free will and predestination?' You're supposed to deal the hand, make the bid, and settle—in one minute flat—a problem that makes even theologians chew their fingernails. I have been advised (at crucial moments like this) to breathe a prayer to the Holy Ghost and then open my mouth and see what happens. The things that *have* happened . . . ah, you'd never believe me.

(At baptism, I received the Holy Ghost and His seven gifts; wisdom, understanding, counsel, fortitude, knowledge, piety, and fear of the Lord. This impressive list made me question the validity of my baptism until it was explained that I had *not* received these gifts in full flower.)"

If you would like more of this, you will find it in the book from which this extract is taken:

REPROACHFULLY YOURS

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adoxical insistence that Hardy was not a realist, however influential he may have been on later realistic writers, is a point that needed to be made. The Wessex novels, he declares, "... are something more than realistic and ... this something more is the source of their strength." Specifically: "... *Jude the Obscure* is not realism but tragedy and like all tragedy is symbolic. ..."

With all the intimate knowledge of Hardy's work here revealed, there is, however, much that is disturbing. It is, of course, neither necessary nor desirable that the critic be blind to the faults of his subject. But criticism, we may believe, will be most illuminating when not devoid of compassion. The

critic may reject every premise of his subject's art, yet, if he is true to his task, he must try to understand how and why those premises were adopted. Professor Guerard's numerous allusions to Conrad and Gide (on whom future studies are promised) suggest that his real fellow-feeling is with them rather than with Hardy. Hardy, indeed, becomes a kind of whipping-boy, almost petulantly handled, because, living on the Victorian perimeter, he drew back from the complete "emancipation" of the twentieth century.

One other adverse judgment should be registered. In his opening pages Professor Guerard is something less than courtly in his treatment of dis-

tinguished contemporary scholars and critics. The charge against them seems to be that they have not kept intellectually abreast of the time. Yet the final section of his own book gives pause. Of the significance of the psychology of the unconscious no normally well-read person is unaware. But against the crude statement, "... though art is not founded on insanity, it is founded at least in part on some maladjustment to life," a protest must be made in the name of truth. This is the type of Freudianism which has been rather completely outmoded for a decade or more.

MICHAEL F. MOLONEY

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FATHER FLANAGAN OF BOYS TOWN

By Fulton Oursler and Will Oursler. Doubleday. 302p. \$3

If ever deeds deserve to be graven on a good man's grave, the ancient words recorded by Saint Matthew fit Father Flanagan's memory: "For I was hungry and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger and you took me in; naked, and you covered me; sick, and you visited me; I was in prison and you came to me."

The Ourslers, father and son, have united their gifted pens to tell the story of the strenuous soul who made a home for countless homeless boys bloom like the biblical bay tree on the plains of Nebraska.

Monsignor Edward Flanagan, though nobody ever called him anything else than Father, was born into a many-childrended Irish family. A vocation to the priesthood blossomed in those congenial surroundings. An elder sister back from America told of the glowing possibilities in New York, so Edward was entered in Dunwoodie Seminary. Sickness halted his courses. He had to leave and seek health in Omaha. The bishop sent the recovered Edward to the Gregorian University at Rome. Again ill health stopped the ecclesiastical studies, but not the ambition to become a priest. Vigorous again, Edward reopened his books and was ordained at Innsbruck, Austria.

The twenty-six-year-old priest was only a short time a curate in tiny O'Neill, Nebraska, when he began to edge into his lifework. He fostered a home for vagrants, nicknamed the "Hotel de Gink." Here one cold night came a homeless boy, seeking shelter, the first of the long line of Father Flanagan's boys. More boys sought this American Don Bosco, and the Workingman's Hotel was crowded out by the first rented house for needy boys.

The start of Boys Town and the start of Saint John Bosco's Oratories bear a

striking similarity. Financed on a shoe-string, overcrowded at once, fought by social workers, unwanted by the "decent" citizens, the incipient Boys Town grew in a riot of poverty. However, other citizens of many faiths rallied behind the young founder. Each of the homes, like its youthful inmates, outgrew its britches until finally, in 1918, Father Flanagan acquired the 94 acres of Overbrook Farm, some miles west of Omaha.

The two authors interlard the story of Boys Town with many a history of an unfortunate boy's growth into a worthwhile citizen. The millions who enjoyed the movie, *Boys Town*, are familiar with this amazing development. Fulton and Will Oursler tell the stirring tale of one man's conviction that there is no such thing as a bad boy and they make that conviction ring true.

NEIL BOYTON

THE LILY AND THE LEOPARDS

By Alice Harwood. Bobbs-Merrill. 508p. \$3.50

The story of Lady Jane Grey has always embarrassed historians. Its pathos seems too small and too obvious a comment on the vast tangle of evil which brought it about, and the epigrams and romantic tales which it has therefore provoked have either obscured the facts by stressing their emotional value, or, by insufficiently defining the facts, have done scant justice to the more essential passions involved.

Alice Harwood has remedied both these errors by telling the story at length and with the requisite passionate detachment. She has told the tale exactly as Holbein told it, with as much relevant detail and as much brooding color. She has, moreover, arranged the various figures in exact relationship to each other, so that any student who is bewildered by their names (as your reviewer once was) need never again be confused after reading the book.

Mary Tudor's faith, for instance, is here presented so lucidly and so sympathetically that even the most defiant Protestant could not help seeing that the Tudor ambition which sent Lady Jane to death was a thing apart. Edward Seymour is made to seem as proud in his lonely Puritanism as his brother Thomas was charming for lack of it. Throughout, the story asks sympathy for such frailties, and by so doing makes it clear that they are the sort of evil as easily condoned today as then, and as often a cause for suffering.

The story is, moreover, well told. Miss Harwood's insistence on reality makes the dress and adornments of the various ladies involved as vividly and as unobtrusively clear as their equally various religious foibles. And Jane's

face, when she is rescued from a garden pool at a tender age by a young admirer, is described precisely as "damp and twiggly."

I hope that the book finds many readers. EMILY TOMPKINS FARRELLY

MEDITATIONS ON THE PRAYERS OF THE MASS, by Francis P. LeBuffe, S. J. (The Queen's Work. \$3). Unique in English among meditation books—even those that find their themes in the Holy Sacrifice—is Father LeBuffe's present volume. Celebrated for his popularization of mental prayer and especially for his skill in introducing the simple techniques of St. Ignatius' "Second Method of Prayer" to thousands at the Sodality Summer Schools, Father LeBuffe has chosen the prayers of the Roman Missal as the text for his suggestions. Words and prayers are meditatively turned over, their meaning explored, their bearing on personal living discovered. Since it is the Mass that preeminently matters, learning its meaning is enormously important. How more profitably study the Sacrifice than through prayer? What better guide than Fr. LeBuffe?

THE OLD BANK HOUSE, by Angela Thirkell (Knopf. \$3.50). Once more Miss Thirkell provides gentle satire in this latest saga of Barsetshire life. A

new neighbor comes upon the scene in the person of Sam Adams, a rags-to-riches Parliamentarian who buys The Old Bank House, promising to preserve it—and his own—integrity. Mary L. Dunn, the reviewer, agrees with Miss Thirkell that life in postwar England is constantly complicated by the regulations set up by the Socialist Government to harass the gentry, but the "old traditions" will be maintained nevertheless by the pluck and courage of such solid, if talkative, characters as Miss Thirkell's.

THE WORD

Jesus therefore said to him: Unless you see signs and wonders, you believe not. The ruler saith to Him: Lord, come down before my son die. Jesus saith to him: Go thy way, thy son liveth.

"Signs and wonders," said Joe reflectively. "What's that mean, Dad?"

"Miracles," I answered.

"I haven't seen any, and I believe."

"I know. Keep it up. It's better that way."

"Why?"

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"Why not?"
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"Then maybe it wasn't a miracle."
"That's right. Maybe it wasn't. But we said to Our Lord: 'Hurry, before our daughter die.' And He said to us: 'Go thy way, thy daughter liveth.'"
"How do you know He said that?"
"Because Mary got well."
"Then wasn't that a miracle for sure?"
"No. Maybe the doctor made her well."
"But didn't God make the doctor?"
"Certainly. But it's not a miracle when medicine makes you well. Medicines are natural. Miracles are supernatural."
"Supernatural? What's that mean?"
"It means something that God can do, and people can't."
"What kind of things?"
"O, paralyzed people get up and walk. Blind people suddenly see. Deaf people hear. Broken bones knit together in a moment, stronger than they were before they were broken. They always have doctors there from all over the world, and the doctors examine the cured people, and say: 'Medicine couldn't have done this. Nothing on earth could have done it. It isn't natural. It's supernatural.'"
"By the way, Joe . . ."
"What, Dad?"
"There's a girl over in Germany, Theresa Neumann, who has the wounds of Our Lord on her body, and they bleed every Friday while she sees Our Lord in her mind's eye, being crucified. Then they stop bleeding."
"This girl hasn't had anything to eat or drink for many years. Every Friday she suffers so much that she loses a lot of weight. Then she gains it right back, without food or water."
"The doctors say, 'That's supernatural.' 'It's a miracle.'"
"Dad?"
"Yes?"
"I don't see how God works miracles. I don't see how He can make a broken leg well—snap—just like that."
"Look, Joe. If He made the leg in the first place, He can certainly make it well, can't He?"
"Sure, Dad. But I don't see how. Do you know something?"
"What?"
"There's a lot of things about God I don't understand." JOSEPH A. BREIG

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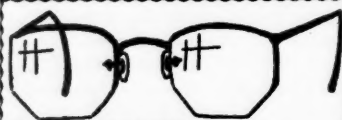
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THEATRE

TWELFTH NIGHT. After a lean, practically barren September, three productions came in with the first week of October, and it is probably safe to say that the season has begun. The first opening was *Twelfth Night*, a comedy by William Shakespeare, presented at The Empire by Roger Stevens. A Gilbert and Sullivan opera, *The Mikado*, opened at the Mark Hellinger the following evening, sponsored by S. M. Chartock. Both productions were originally produced in England.

Mr. Shakespeare is an author of considerable talent, with a following on both sides of the water. His *Twelfth Night*, while not included among his major accomplishments, is nevertheless a rather pleasant comedy based on mistaken identity of sexes. There is robust humor in the plot, catches of delicious poetry in the dialog; and two tenuous love stories cement the humor and poetry in a most entertaining play.

There are times when Shakespeare's humor either eludes me or, when I get it, fails to tickle my funnybone. I like the high spirits of Sir Toby Belch, and the flair for mischief in Maria—described in the playbill as Olivia's gentlewoman, although there is nothing gentle about her—and I go along with their hoax intended to stultify Malvolio. But poking fun at a man supposed to be insane, and the antics of a fop acting like a sissy, are among the varieties of comedy I can get along without. The impossible but charming romantic interest is adequate compensation for the low comedy that is often too low, and Viola is to me the author's most attractive female character.

Frances Reid submits a flawless performance in the role, and Nina Foch is a properly cold, capricious and beautiful Olivia. Carl Benton Reid is a hearty Sir Toby, while Arnold Moss is amusing as the vain Malvolio. Settings and costumes, by Louis Kennel, are in exquisite taste, and the direction by Valentine Windt keeps the action moving at a fast pace, which is all to the good for the comedy. Personally, I would prefer a more leisurely gait with greater emphasis on the romantic element in the play. I am only one among many, however, and the ovation after the final curtain indicates that the production will do all right as is.

THE MIKADO. Although *Pinafore* is my favorite among the Savoyard operas, *The Mikado* is far from my bottom choice. The story is melodious and humorous, with a touch of satire, and

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satisfying to one's intelligence; and the production at the Mark Hellinger, while not the best I have seen in my day, is certainly good enough to please all but the most fastidious of G-S fans. Directed by the producer, with scenery by Ralph Alswang, this *Mikado* is good-looking and pleasing to the ear. I am grateful to Mr. Chartock.

While I am tempted to say the producer could have been more careful in casting the show, an outsider never knows what difficulties are encountered in trying to find the right actor for a stereotyped role. Morton Bowe, the choice for Nanki-Poo, is rather corpulent for the part, and Jean Handzlik is a too sinister Katisha. But since both

have good voices, romantic illusion is not irreparably damaged. Robert Eckles is an adequate Pooh-Bah, Ralph Riggs a good Ko-Ko and Kathleen Roche a demure Yum-Yum. Joseph Macaulay is an excellent Mikado. All together, they make tuneful and colorful entertainment that is also good, clean fun.

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FILMS

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. Perhaps with the intention of demonstrating the international appeal of movies, the biography of the Italian explorer who discovered America under the patronage of the Spanish crown has been made by a British film company. If my own experience is any criterion, Colum-

bus belongs to that unfortunate band of historical personages who are so firmly embedded in the peculiarly lifeless texts of primary-school history books that any evaluation of their problems and achievements in everyday human terms is effectively choked off. The movie, which shows its hero sparing with the timid and venal Spanish council, shouting down his mutinous, fear-maddened crew and coping with various other flesh-and-blood situations, at least serves to sweep away a few of the text-book cobwebs. Otherwise it is far from notable. Produced with a Hollywoodian lavishness in settings and costumes, equipped with authentic replicas of Columbus' three ships, photographed in Technicolor partly on location in Barbados, it is technically speaking very impressive. However, the script for some mysterious reason devotes an inordinately long time to the six years the Genoese cooled his heels at the Spanish court before his expedition was approved. It was a period of galling inactivity for him and proves to be one for the audience as well. The voyage has the advantage of outdoor action but, understandingly enough, is not overburdened with suspense. Not until Columbus and his men kneel on the shore of the new world while a menacing band of savages closes in does the picture show signs of coming to life. This potentially fascinating phase of the story is unfortunately left virtually unexplored. Instead, the film listlessly returns to the council chambers to record the disgrace, bitterness and overweening pride of the discoverer's last days. Fredric March, Florence Eldredge and Francis L. Sullivan are prominently involved in what was obviously conceived of as a sweeping epic but is a pedestrian conversation piece. (Universal-International)

toward self-determination. In the course of this ingenuous tale the labor government, British diplomacy and jurisprudence and England's national character come in for a kindly but pointed spoofing. Some of the humor is likely to prove too insular to be appreciated by American audiences. In any case, its unique faculty for boosting English morale by giving voice to everyman's wishful thinking about the austerity program is not exportable. Stanley Holloway and Margaret Rutherford are the outstanding players most likely to be recognized. (Eagle-Lion) MOIRA WALSH.

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PARADE

FUNCTIONING SOMEWHAT LIKE a fashion show, the news of the week exhibited both the old and the new styles of behavior patterns. . . . The old styles mirrored traditional twentieth-century patterns. . . . In Hollywood, an

actress divorced her husband when he complained she did not give him enough spending money. . . . In Cleveland, a dentist clambered up a pole, worked on a pole-sitter's teeth. . . . The social unrest stirred up by used cars could be glimpsed. . . . In Cincinnati, a sailor expressed his disgust with a recently purchased used car by letting it slide down a steep incline into the Ohio River. As the thing finished its slide and sank into the water, he remarked: "That was the fastest the pile

of junk has gone since I bought it." Efforts to arouse the human conscience were noticed. . . . In Roanoke, Va., a newspaper advertisement read: "To those who are honest, upright, conscientious and want to pay a fair price for a man's property, \$12,500. Others, \$10,000." . . . Misunderstandings arose. . . . In Los Angeles, a citizen, upon learning that he was his wife's seventh husband, sued for divorce, claiming he thought he was only her fifth spouse. . . . Last wishes were flouted. . . . In California, a cemetery refused to fulfill a dying widow's request that her little black pomeranian be buried in the same coffin with herself.



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Side by side with the old styles of behavior rose the new. . . . In Seattle, a citizen found a hundred-dollar bill, handed it over to flabbergasted police. . . . In Montgomery, Ala., a cop hung a traffic ticket on his own auto. . . . The new mid-century trends assumed all sorts of forms. . . . In Framingham, Mass., a national bank began handing out left-handed checkbooks for south-paw depositors. . . . In Rahway, N. J., a patrolman married his sergeant. . . . In Louisville, Ky., hat-store proprietors leased a park, staged a huge feast of old straw hats for the city's goats.

The new trends filtered among the young fry. . . . In Omaha, a young couple entered a jewelry store, shyly asked to look at engagement rings. The boy gave his age as nine, the girl as eight. The clerk told the young couple that all the engagement rings had been sent to the cleaners. . . . Unprecedented organizations erupted. . . . In Los Angeles, Gamblers Anonymous filed a petition to ban horse racing in California. A spokesman explained: "We are just like Alcoholics Anonymous except that our downfall was horse-race betting." . . . In Philadelphia, Fatties Anonymous announced: "Although we are almost ready to close our first chapter, we are still accepting a few new members. Your only requirement is a sincere desire to reduce and stay figurefit."

All the new trends notwithstanding, the week came up with no widespread tendency on the part of spiritual fatties to get rid of their spiritual fat. . . . The twentieth century, not yet half over, has already spilled more blood than any other century in the last twenty-five. . . . The century has much too many God-indifferent souls—perhaps more than any other century in all human history. . . . If the second half of the century is to improve on the first, there will have to be a globe-girdling reducing campaign. . . . Spiritual Fatties Anonymous will have to become a going concern.

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